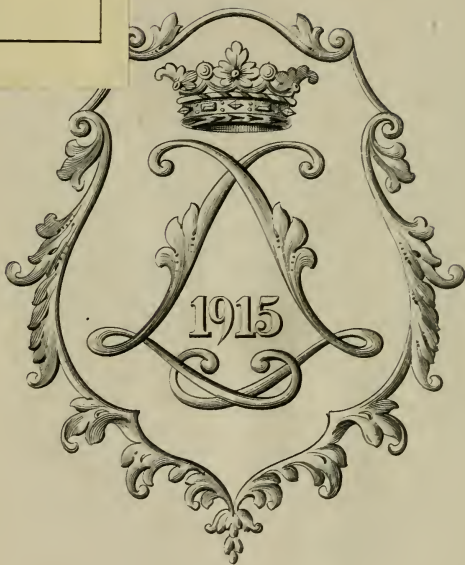




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R O M A N C E

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R E A L I T Y .

BY

L. E. L.

AUTHOR OF

“ THE IMPROVISATRICE,” “ THE VENETIAN BRACELET,”

&c. &c. &c.

Thus have I begun ;
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON :

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
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ROMANCE AND REALITY.

CHAPTER I.

“ Her silent face is saintly pale,
And sadness shades it like a veil ;
A consecrated nun she seems,
Whose waking thoughts are deep as dreams.”

WILSON.

“ But the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never cleared again.”

MOORE.

COURTESY and curiosity are very often at variance. With a hurried apology, Lorraine had been shewn into a large, gloomy-looking apartment, where he was left to his own thoughts and a small lamp. The moon, now at its full, shone directly into the room, shedding a sad and softened light, which somewhat concealed the ravages of time, or what seemed

the work of that even worse spoiler—man. The floor had been paved with alternate squares of different-coloured marbles: it had been dilapidated in many places, and the vacancies filled with common stone. The panels of the wall were of various and beautiful woods inlaid in fanciful patterns, while the cornices and divisions were of marble carved exquisitely, and the ceiling had been painted to resemble a summer sky. There was now scarcely a space uninjured: the cornices were broken away; the panels had initial letters and uncouth faces rudely cut upon them; and on one side there was a number of small round holes, such as would be produced by a shower of shot, and a few larger ones that indicated bullets. The roof was smoked and scorched; and two pictures hung at one end, or rather their frames—for a black and smouldered canvass shewed that fire had destroyed the work of the painter.

Still, there were signs of human habitation, and some of female ingenuity. At the upper window, a fine old vine had been carefully trained both inside and out, till it served the purpose of a curtain. Near it was a high-backed chair, covered with embroidered silk,

whose rich bright colours shewed it had but lately left the skilful hand of its worker. The floor beneath was spread with matting of the fragrant grass of the country: beside stood a small table of inlaid wood, and a cushion was at the feet, also worked with embroidered flowers. Against the wall were hung two or three crayon drawings: the moonlight shewed the upper one to be a Madonna and child—the others were hidden by the shadow of the vine-leaves, which fell directly upon them. A crucifix, made of black oak—a few shelves, which seemed crowded with books—a case, which appeared, from its shape, to contain a lute or guitar—and two or three small chairs, of the same dark wood, stood near; but the rest of the room was utterly unfurnished.

The destruction wrought by time never oppresses the spirits as does that wrought by man. The fallen temple—the mouldering tower, gray with moss, and stained with rain,—seem but to have submitted to the inevitable doom of all; and the ruin time has made, time also hallows. But the devastated home and perished household—man's sorrow following fast upon man's guilt—tells too near a tale of suffering. The destruction in the one case is gradual

and far removed from us—in the other, it may be sudden and fall even on our own home. War, even in the distant battle of a foreign land, is terrible and sorrowful enough; but what is the agony of blood shed in the far warfare to that poured at our own doors, and quenching the fire of our own hearth!

Edward paced the room mournfully: he gazed on the slight remains of taste which had turned wealth to beauty. But the most touching part of all, was to mark the effort that had been made to restore something of comfort and appearance. He thought of the beautiful face he had seen for a moment—it looked very young to have known much of suffering. The door of the room opened, and the negro appeared, bringing in supper; and the little table was soon spread. There was a flask of light wine, a melon, some bread, and fried fish. And with all the volubility of his race, Cæsar explained, that the ladies sent their excuses, and that to-morrow they hoped to make him personally welcome.

A solitary supper is soon despatched. The negro then shewed Lorraine to his sleeping-room, almost deafening him with apologies. It is a good sign when servants take the credit

of their master's house so much to heart. An immense room, and a gigantic bed with dark-green hangings, were gloomy enough for either ghosts or banditti, to whichever terror the traveller might most incline. But a bright wood fire drew at least round itself a cheerful circle, within which Lorraine found he was to sleep. The floor had been laid with heath and goat-skins, and on them more comfortable bedding than a traveller ought ever to consider necessary. The huge green bed was evidently too old and mouldy for use.

Considering that it was near one, and that he had ridden some thirty miles, Edward might be excused for sleeping soundly, even, as the newspapers say, "under circumstances of the greatest excitement." He was awakened by the glad light of the morning sun pouring full into his chamber, and shewing the past luxury and present desolation by which he was surrounded. The floor, the wainscoting, were of mahogany—the walls were hung with the finest tapestry—and there were occasional spaces in which large mirrors had been set: but the mahogany was rough and discoloured, the tapestry rent and faded, and the mirrors either wholly gone, and their places filled by matting, or by

fragments smashed and shivered in every direction. The floor near the window was stained as if by heavy and long-continued rain; and the casement was now repaired by different kinds of coarse glass, and the one or two larger openings by slips of wood. ESC

The view from the window was splendid. On one side, a dense wood of oak and cork trees spread its impenetrable but beautiful barrier; on the other, an undulating country shewed every variety of vineyard, heath, and grove: the vines emerald in their green—the orange-groves, whose flowers, mingled with the wild thyme on the heath, scented the dew, which rose like a cloud of incense, silvery and fragrant. Gradually the mist cleared away, the distant mountains came out in full and bold relief, and the winding river grew golden in the sunshine.

Edward was leaning from the casement, when Cæsar made his appearance with information that Donna Margareta waited breakfast. He followed the old man into the room where he had been the night before, and seated in the arm-chair was the lady whom his young companion addressed as her mother. With the first word she spoke, her guest recognised

that peculiar insular accent which none but a native of England ever acquires. We rarely pay much attention to what neither concerns nor interests us; and Edward had forgotten that Don Juan had married an Englishwoman. She was a slight, girlish-looking creature, with fair hair nearly concealed by the veil which was drawn round her head like a hood, but which in its simplicity rather added to her very youthful face — there was something of the grace of childhood with which she bade a countryman welcome “under any circumstances,” slightly glancing at the dilapidated room: — “Circumstances of which a native of your fortunate land cannot, and therefore will not, I hope, judge,” said a low sweet voice, in good but foreign English.

Lorraine turned to the speaker, and recognised his last night’s companion. Their eyes met for a moment: in hers there was a singular mixture of timidity and decision, of appeal and yet dignity. She blushed deeply, but momentarily, and her features instantly settled into an expression, calm, almost cold; as if any betrayal of emotion were utterly at variance with long habits of self-control.

Edward had seen beauty often, and seen it

with every possible aid ; but never had he seen beauty so perfect, yet so utterly devoid of extraneous assistance. She wore a loose black stuff dress, up to the throat, and the folds simply gathered by a girdle round the waist ; yet a more symmetrical figure never gave grace to silken robe. The swan-like neck nobly supported the finely-shaped head, round which the hair was bound in the simplest manner. The features were of the first order : the high forehead, the oval of the face, the short, curved lip, gave the idea of a Grecian gem ; and the clear pale olive, unbroken by colour—a melancholy, almost severe expression of thought, produced also the effect of the more spiritual and intellectual beauty of a statue rather than a picture. The eyes were peculiarly large, beautiful in form and colour ; of that rare deep, soft black ; thoughtful rather than animated ; quiet, down-cast, more than expressive : but it was not difficult to imagine, that, when their midnight depths were kindled, it would be the flashing of the lightning. There was something sad in seeing youth such a contrast to itself—a face whose beauty only was young.

With a bright changeful colour, a mouth whose smiles were in unison with the bright

clear blue eyes, the mother almost seemed younger than the daughter. Donna Margareta's dress, though it was black, shewed more of personal adornment. The material was a rich silk. The ends of the veil, drawn over her head, were embroidered with silver; she had long gold ear-rings; to a rich and large gold chain was suspended a cross set with precious stones; and over the arm of her chair hung a rosary of agate beads. Another contrast was, that, though Beatrice's little hands were as exquisitely shaped as her mother's, they had not the same delicate white which shews the hand has known no ruder contact than a silken thread, a lute-string, or a flower. Moreover, the contrast between her throat and face shewed that Beatrice was somewhat sunburnt; while her mother's cheek was fair as one

“ No wind has swept—no sun has kiss'd.”

They drew round the breakfast-table, which was as neat as if it had been prepared in England. There was chocolate, new milk, honeycomb with its liquid amber droppings fragrant of a thousand flowers, a small loaf, and a little basket of green figs. Lorraine observed, that while the rest of the meal was served on

the common earthenware of the country, Donna Margareta's cup was of exquisitely painted china, and placed on a small silver stand wrought in filagree.

The meal passed cheerfully, even gaily. If Beatrice was silent, and seemingly anxious, her mother appeared to be even in high spirits. Delighted to see a countryman of her own, she asked a thousand questions. The sound of an English voice and English words carried her back to her childhood; and the birds and flowers she had then loved now rose uppermost in her recollections. She often alluded to her husband—said he would soon be home—and repeatedly dwelt on the pleasure it would give him to see an Englishman.

Breakfast was scarcely finished before she rose, and asked Edward to accompany her to her garden. "It is just like an English one."

"It is very hot, dear mother—had you not better stay in the house?"

"There now—when my garden is so cool. You will go, will you not?" said she, with an air of pretty childish entreaty to Edward. "We won't take you, Beatrice."

Beatrice rose, and, calling the old black servant, spoke to him in a low voice in Spanish.

“Cæsar will direct you—and you will take care of my mother,” she said to Lorraine, with rather more earnestness of manner than seemed necessary.

The old negro led the way, and, with a most ostentatious care, cleared the path, which wound very like a labyrinth, till it opened on a small space no one could have found without a guide. Entirely surrounded by ilex and oak-trees, it was like an island of sunshine; the soft thick grass only broken by plots of many-coloured flowers. In the midst of each was a wooden stand, on which was a straw bee-hive—every one of those Cortez of the insect world were out upon their golden search, and the murmur of their wings was like an echo to the falling fountain in the midst. The basin had once been carved like a lotus-leaf; the edges were now rough and broken, but the water fell clear and sweet as ever.

His companion delightedly pointed out the flowers and the bees; and, whether it was the contagion of her gladness, the open air, or the sunshine, his spirits awoke from the depression of his morning melancholy. Her peculiarly sweet laugh rose like music; and he gradually began to draw a parallel between

the mother and the daughter. In spite of the interest excited by Beatrice, the conclusion was in favour of the parent. "The one," thought he to himself, "is gloomy and desponding—rash, too—think of last night's adventure. Donna Margaretta, on the contrary, reconciles herself to the alteration of her fortunes by a gentle contentedness, engaging her mind and centering her wishes on healthful employment and innocent amusements, in the best spirit of feminine philosophy."

He walked round the garden with her, till they came to an immense ilex-tree at one end. It had its lower branches fashioned into a sort of bower, and a rude lattice-work supported the growth of several luxuriant creeping plants. There were two or three seats covered with matting; and on one of these, at the foot of the ilex, Donna Margaretta took her place. "It is not so pretty as our English gardens—have you a garden at home?" Edward was obliged to confess his inattention hitherto to horticultural pursuits. "I was much happier in England—now, don't you tell Beatrice, for she takes his part—but Don Henriquez is very unkind to leave me as he does. I have not seen him such a long while."

Confidential communications are usually embarrassing; and Edward began to think, "What shall I say?" His companion did not give him much time to consider, before she continued—"I have very little to remind me of England; but I have some of its flowers—I like them better than all the others:" and, putting a drooping bough aside, she shewed some daisies, of which she gathered a few. At first she seemed as if about to give them to him, when suddenly her eyes filled with tears, and she passionately exclaimed, "Not these—I cannot give away these. They are English flowers—you will get plenty in your own country; you will go back there—I shall see England no more."

Edward, both surprised and touched, endeavoured to soothe her; she did not appear even to hear what he said. She let the flowers drop, and, clasping her knees with joined hands, rocked backwards and forwards, half singing, half repeating the words, "no more;" while the tears fell like a child's down her face, without an effort on her part to stop them. Gradually the sounds became inarticulate, the heavy glittering lash rested on the cheek, her head made a natural pillow of the ilex' trunk,

and Lorraine saw evidently that she was sleeping. To withdraw as quietly as possible seemed his best plan; when the entrance of Beatrice induced him to hesitate.

Signing to him for silence, she bent over her mother for a moment, drew a branch closer to exclude the sun from her face; and, with step so light that even to Lorraine's ear it was inaudible, she left the arbour, beckoning him to follow. "I feared this," said she, her dark eyes filling with tears, whose softness was but momentary, so instantly were they checked. "My poor mother!—God forbid you should ever know what she has suffered!—Think what must have been the wretchedness that has left her a child in mind."

The truth flashed on Edward. Desolate then, indeed, was the situation of the young creature before him. It is very difficult to express sympathy to one who evidently shrinks from such expression. They walked on in silence till they came to where the negro was at work.

"I cannot leave my mother; when she wakes, she would be so alarmed to find herself alone, and her sleep is as transient as it is uncertain; but the country round is well worth

a stranger's attention, and Cæsar is an excellent guide as to roads. The picturesque I must leave to yourself. I shall hope at dinner to hear you say that our valley is as beautiful as we ourselves think it."

Edward asked a few topographical questions, and set forth without the old man, who seemed infinitely to prefer finishing his attendance on his carnations.

The finest prospect would have been thrown away on our young traveller: all he wished was solitude and his own thoughts. A nook was soon found; he threw himself on the soft grass beneath a large myrtle-tree, and pondered over the events of the last four-and-twenty hours; at the same time, after an approved English fashion, picking off the leaves from every bough within his reach. One reflection made him strip a poor branch very quickly—it was the thought that, under all circumstances, he ought not to remain at Don Henriquez's house. Still, his family were evidently so situated that a friend might be of use. What could have induced Beatrice to assume a disguise so foreign to what seemed her feelings and manners? If he could find out the difficulty, might he not offer assistance? Desolate and deserted

as both she and her unfortunate mother appeared to be, every kind and good sentiment prompted an effort to serve them. The result of his deliberations was, to stay a little while, at all events. He might convince them of his sincere wish to render any aid in his power. Advice alone to one so friendless as Beatrice might be invaluable. So, picking the last leaf of myrtle he could reach, he determined to remain. Inclination never wants an excuse—and, if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found.

CHAPTER II.

“ Elle étoit belle, et de plus la seule héritière! * * ”

“ Ce fut sur cela que je formai le projet de mon établissement.”

Histoire de Fleur d'Epine.

LIKE the cards which form a child's plaything palace, our pleasures are nicely balanced one upon the other. The pleasure of change is opposed by that of habit; and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new. Enjoyment is measured by the character of the individual. Lord Mandeville was sorry to leave Rome, because he had grown used to it. Lady Mandeville was delighted to leave it, because she had grown tired of it. Emily, actuated by that restlessness of hope which peculiarly belongs to hope that is solely imaginative, was rather relieved by, than pleased with, change. The map of her world was coloured by her affections, and it had but two divisions,—absence and presence. She

knew that Edward Lorraine was on the Continent, and she allowed her mind to dwell on the vague, vain fancy of meeting him.

It was winter, with a promise of spring, when they arrived at Naples. A few days saw them settled in a villa on the sea-coast, at some distance from the city. Emily, who loved flowers with all the passion of the poetry that haunted them, gathered with delight the clustering roses which formed a miniature wood near the house, and wore the beauty of June in the days of February. Lord Mandeville reproached her with being run away with by novelty, and said contrast gave them a double charm in England. "The blossom is a thousand times fairer when we have seen the leaf fall and the bough bare."

Still, the situation of their villa was most lovely; it was quite secluded, in a little vale filled with orange-trees, now putting forth the soft green of their leaves, and the delicate white tracery of their coming buds. The grove was varied by a plantation of rose-trees, a few pinasters, and a multitude of winding paths. It was evident that nature had been left for years to her own vagrant luxuriance. A colonnade ran completely round the villa, which on one side only was open to the sea, whose sounds

were never silent, and whose waves were never still. A space, lightly shadowed by a few scattered orange-trees, sloped towards a terrace, which looked directly down upon the shore. The eye might wander over the blue expanse, broken by the skimming sails, which distance and sunshine turn to snow, like the white wings of the sea-birds, till sky and sea seem to meet, false alike in their seeming fairness and seeming union; — the sails, in reality, being but coarse and discoloured canvass, and the distance between sea and sky still immeasurable. On the left, the waters stretched far away — on the right, a slight bend in the coast was the boundary of the view. Thickly covered with pine and dwarf oaks to the very summit, the shore arose to a great height, and shut out the city of Naples. On the top shone the white walls of the convent of St. Valerie; and on a fair evening, when the wind set towards the villa, the vesper hymns came in faint music over the sea.

The time which passes pleasantly passes lightly; days are remembered by their cares more than by their content; and the few succeeding weeks wrote their events as men, says the Arabic proverb, do benefits — on water.

Lord Mandeville was daily more desirous of returning to England, and resolved to be there by March at the latest. Lady Mandeville began to calculate on the effect her *protégée*, Miss Arundel, was to produce—and the result in her mind was a very brilliant one. To do her talents justice, Emily had improved very much since her residence under her care. Though too timid and too sensitive in her temper ever to obtain entire self-command, she had acquired more self-possession—a portion of which is indispensably necessary to gracefulness of manner. Encouraged and called forth, her natural powers began to be more evident in conversation; and her accomplishments, her exquisite dancing, and her touching voice, were no longer painful both to herself and her friends, from the excess of fear which attended their exercise. A little praise is good for a very shy temper—it teaches it to rely on the kindness of others. And last, not least, she was grown very much handsomer; the classic perfection of her profile, the symmetry of her figure, were more beautiful in their perfect development.

Some preparations for their return to England engaged Lord Mandeville for two or three days at Naples; and the day after his de-

parture the rest took an excursion to one of the ruins in the neighbourhood. This excursion had been long talked of; it was made in the name of the children — an excuse common on such occasions. Childish gaiety is very contagious, and sunshine and open air very exhilarating; and the whole party arrived at their destination in that humour to be pleased, which is the best half of pleasure. Naturally lively, Lady Mandeville's vivacity was the most charming thing in the world. The two boys their only cavaliers, they wandered about in search of a picturesque spot for their dining-room. Much of the trouble we give ourselves is quite unnecessary — it matters very little where a good appetite finds its dinner. However, trouble is, like virtue, its own reward. At last, at the instigation of a little peasant, whose keen dark eyes belied him much if he were not a very imp of mischief, they fixed on their banqueting-place. A lovely spot it was; a hanging ground, just on the very edge of a wood, whose dark shadow seemed as if it had never been broken. Below them spread a fair and fertile country — vineyards putting forth their first shoots, and olive plantations whose light gray leaves shone like morning frost-work;

while the dim blue line of the sea closed the view. The side of their hill was very varied and uneven ; but the site of their rest was decided by the welling of a little spring, which bubbled up a sudden vein of silver from the earth, and wandered on like a child singing the same sweet song. The place was covered with moss, whose bright green was speckled with purple, crimson, gold, minute particles of colour, like an elfin carpet embroidered by Titania and her fairy court. The ground rose on each side like a wall, but hung with natural tapestry—the creeping plants which in the South take such graceful and wreathing forms in their foliage.

On a space a little below lay the ruins they had been seeking. Vivid must have been the imagination that could there have traced the temple which, in former days, paid homage to the beautiful goddess, by being beautiful like herself. Two columns alone remained—Ionian in their grace and lightness. A few fragments of the wall lay scattered about, but some chance wind had sown them with violets, and every trace, whether of architecture or decay, was hidden by the broad leaves, or the thousands of deep-blue flowers, whose sweetness was abroad on the atmosphere.

Francis and his brother were especially happy: they helped, or rather retarded, the spreading their dinner—every dish was to be ornamented with the wild flowers they had gathered; and they ran about, if not with all the utility, with all the celerity of goblin pages. I do not think childhood the happiest period of our life; but its sense of happiness is peculiarly keen. Other days have more means and appliances of pleasure; but then their relish is not so exquisite. It all, however, comes to the same in the long-run. The child has to learn the multiplication-table—the man has to practise it.

“I am happy,” said Lady Mandeville, “to find I have not lost all taste for those pleasures called simple and natural, as all out-of-door pleasures are denominated.”

“Even in England, whose climate you deprecate, in that spirit of amiable opposition which I once heard you call the key-arch of conversation,” replied Emily, “I always loved being out in the open air. I have a feeling of companionship with our old trees; and my thoughts take, as it were, freer and more tangible shapes. I always used to go and think in the shrubbery.”

“ Dream, you mean.”

At this moment their little guide began to sing one of those popular airs which the Italian peasantry execute with such singular taste. They listened as the sweet voice died away, and then was repeated by an echo from the rock. A rush of hurried steps broke upon the song—the branches crashed overhead—the party caught a glimpse of some half-dozen dark figures. In another moment, Emily felt a cloak flung over her head; and, blinded and silenced, was lifted seemingly in some one's arms, in whose grasp she was nothing. Again she felt herself raised: she was placed on a horse—her companion sprang up behind—and off they galloped, with a velocity which effectually bewildered her senses. She could only distinguish the sounds of other horses' steps besides their own.

At length, almost fainting with their speed, she was aroused by the suddenness of their halt. She was lifted from the horse, carried a short distance, the cloak partly loosened, and her hand drawn within a powerful arm, that half-guided, half-supported her up a long, steep flight of steps. A door creaked on its hinges—the grasp upon her was relaxed—a strange

voice said, in tolerable, though foreign, accents, "Ladies—from the days of chivalry to the present, no woman was ever seriously angry at the homage, however rude, excited by her own charms: they pardon the offence themselves caused. Pray use your own pleasure, of which I am the slave."

The door shut heavily on hinges whose rust grated as it closed.

"Do throw that great cloak aside, and tell me what you think of our adventure," said Lady Mandeville, who seemed divided between alarm and laughter.

Emily collected her scattered faculties, and looked round with all the terror and none of the mirth of her companion. They were in a spacious room, whose days of splendour had long since passed away. The walls had once been stuccoed with perhaps beautiful paintings;—damp had effaced all, except patches where blues, reds, and greens, had mingled into one dim and discoloured stain. All trace of what the floor had been, was lost in one uniform darkness. The windows were fastened with strong iron lattices, and so completely overgrown with ivy, that not one gleam of daylight pierced through the thick leaves.

Evident preparation had, however, been made for their arrival. At one end of the room was spread a square carpet, and on it stood a table, on which were placed two most sacrilegious-looking wax-tapers: it is to be feared some poor sinner stayed longer in purgatory from the abduction of his offering. These threw their light on three large old chairs, covered with tapestry, which seemed long to have been the home of the moth — and also shewed an open door, leading into another apartment. This Lady Mandeville prepared to explore. It was fitted up as a bed-room. On a dressing-table stood two more wax-tapers, but unlighted, a large looking-glass, and a most varied assortment of perfumes and fragrant oils. The two grated windows were here also covered with ivy; but the view was very confined.

Lady Mandeville approached the table, and opening one of the bottles of sweet essences, said, “I see our bandit chief is prepared for fainting and hysterics.”

“How can you laugh? Hark! Did you not hear a step?”

“Yes, I heard my own. My dear Emily, do not be more frightened than is absolutely necessary. A heavy ransom is the worst that can

befall us. According to the usual course of human affairs, we shall pay dearly for our amusement."

"I wish we had staid at the villa. What will Lord Mandeville say?"

"Wonder what induced us to leave England."

"Oh, if we were but in England now!"

"All our misfortunes originate in my acting against my principles. What business had I with simple and innocent pleasures — your dinings on the grass — your picturesque situations — your fresh water from the fountain? Mandeville may just blame himself: he was always talking of rural enjoyment, till I thought there must be something in it."

"But what shall we do?"

"The best we can. Try this lemon perfume."

Lady Mandeville was more alarmed than she would allow: still, the excitement of the adventure kept up her spirits. Moreover, she had been so accustomed to have every event happen according to her own will, that the possibility of the reverse was one of those misfortunes which we expect to happen to every one but ourselves.

The evening closed in. At last the rusty

hinges of the door announced an arrival, and an old woman appeared, bearing various kinds of food. She spread the table, and presently returned with two flasks of wine. She looked good-natured, and seemed civil; but the various attempts of Lady Mandeville to engage her in conversation were fruitless, as neither understood what the other said.

The supper was laid, and for three. The old woman left the room; and a few moments after, a cavalier made his appearance. Nothing could be more picturesque than his entrance. A large cloak enveloped his tall figure—the heroes of the Cobourg might have studied its folds; a profusion of feathers waved from his slouched hat; and his black whiskers and mustaches finished the effect. He flung the cloak most melodramatically over his left arm—took off the plumed hat, whose white feathers swept the floor—shewed a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and a dark-blue doublet laced with crimson and gold, and a worked falling collar. Wallack himself could not have dressed the bandit better. He was tall—handsome, in the style of the sublime and sallow—and advanced to the table with an ease whose only fault was, that it was too elaborate.

“ I cannot but regret, ladies, that your first visit to the castle of my ancestors should be less voluntary than I could wish ; but, alas ! beauty has much to answer for.”

“ The courtesy of your manner,” said Lady Mandeville, cautiously suppressing some sudden emotion of surprise, “ belies that of your conduct. What can your motive be, if you welcome us as guests ? If we accept your hospitality, we claim your protection.”

“ I would die to give you pleasure — I live but in your sight.”

“ Again let me ask you your motive for this outrage ; or rather, let me entreat you to name our ransom, and give us the means of communicating with our friends.”

“ Ransom ! name it not to me. Love, not gold, has led me on. Beautiful mistress of my heart, behold your slave !” and he dropped on one knee before Emily, who clung, half-fainting with surprise and fear, to Lady Mandeville. “ I have loved you for years ; in England, when an exile from my native country, I worshipped at a distance. I returned to Naples ; but my heart was away in your cold island — our Southern beauties were lovely in vain — when, one day, I saw you on the strada. Alas ! even

then none but a lover might have hoped. I knew the pride of the English — how little my noble name or my fervent passion would avail with the haughty islanders your friends. Love made me desperate. I assembled my vassals ; and now sue at your feet for pardon.”

Emily was speechless with dismay, when her romantic lover turned to Lady Mandeville.

“ May I implore your intercession ? Tell her that all she waves of entreaty now, shall be repaid in adoration after our marriage.”

“ Surely,” said Lady Mandeville, retaining her self-possession, though with difficulty, “ if you have been in England, you must know that Miss Arundel, as a minor, is dependent on the will of her guardian.”

“ Ah, his pleasure will follow hers. I have planned every thing. To-morrow morning my confessor will be here ; he will unite us : and when her guardian, Lord Mandeville, returns, I shall implore your mediation. A few days will arrange all our affairs.”

“ I would rather die !” exclaimed Emily, roused into momentary energy.

“ Ah, you young ladies do not always die when you talk about it. To-morrow will see you Countess di Frianchettini.”

“Such a marriage,” said Lady Mandeville, “would be a farce. Remember the inevitable punishment.”

“Which it will then be the interest of my bride to avert. What rational objection can the lady urge? I offer her rank—to be mistress of my heart and my castle.”

Lady Mandeville glanced round the dilapidated and empty room. The Count saw the look.

“Yes, our noble house has lost its ancient splendour. This has been the century of revolutions; and our family have not escaped. Should Miss Arundel prefer the security of her own more fortunate island, I am willing, for her sake, to make it my country. Alas! our Italy is as unfortunate as she is beautiful;—not hers the soil in which patriotism flourishes.”

“The Count Frianchettini is a patriot, then? How does the violence practised upon us accord with his ideas of liberty?”

“Love, Signora, owns no rule. But, a thousand pardons—in the lover I forget the host. Permit me to hand you to the supper-table.”

Decision is easy where there is no choice. Faint and bewildered, Emily took her seat,

drawing, like a child, close to Lady Mandeville, who was at once alarmed and amused.

“ I can recommend this macaroni, for it is my favourite dish : I am very national. You will not take any ? Ah, young ladies are, or ought to be, light eaters. Your ladyship will, I trust, set your fair companion an example.”

The Count at least did honour to the macaroni he recommended, contriving, nevertheless, to talk incessantly. He turned the conversation on England—named divers of their friends—asked if one was dead, and another married—and hoped Emily was as fond as ever of the Opera.

“ We seem to have so many mutual acquaintances,” remarked Lady Mandeville, carelessly, “ I wonder we happen never to have met before.”

The Count gave her a keen glance ; but hers was a well-educated countenance ;— even in ordinary intercourse she would have been as much ashamed of an unguarded expression of face as of language ; and now it was under most careful restraint.

“ Ah, your ladyship’s circle was too gay for me. I was a misanthropic exile, who shrank

from society. The object that might have induced me to join it I had not then beheld — I only saw Miss Arundel just before she left town. My sentence of banishment was revoked ; but Naples had lost its charms when I saw the idol of my soul, and resolved she should be mine.”

“ Take my advice—restore us to our friends, and our gratitude ——”

“ Signora, I have lived in the world, and prefer certainty to expectation. I will now retire ;—late hours must not injure the roses I expect my bride to wear to-morrow. I go to guard your slumbers.”

So saying, he folded his cloak around him, and departed — to say the truth, a little disappointed. Emily’s state of breathless terror had disconcerted one of his plans. He had relied on producing something of an impression ;—plumes, pistols, cloak, mustaches, passion, and an attitude, he had calculated were irresistible ; but not a glance, except of fear, had been turned towards him. However, the game was in his own hands, and he cared little whether he roughed or smoothed it.

“ Why, Emily !” exclaimed Lady Mandeville, unable, even under such circumstances,

to suppress her laughter, "do you not remember this hero of our 'Romance of the Castle?'"

Emily shook her head.

"Only dear, that Count Frianchettini, the lover and the patriot, is Signor Giulio, our old hair-dresser. I recognised him instantly. Oh, he must know enough of English people to be aware that his plan is ridiculous. What a hero for a melodrama! I will advise him to-morrow to come out at Covent Garden, and offer to patronise his benefit."

The old woman's entrance, to clear away the supper, broke off their dialogue. She pointed to their bed-room, made every offer of service by signs, and at length departed. They heard heavy bolts drawn on the outside of their door.

"What shall we do!" exclaimed Emily, bursting into tears.

"Why, I cannot advise your marriage, which absurd project I do not believe our romantic *professeur* will dare carry into execution. Only try to suppress all appearance of terror; — fear is his best encouragement; for fear, he clearly sees, is all he has to expect. Rely upon it, he has been reading romances in England, and thought a picturesque chief of banditti would turn any young lady's head. So polite a *coiffeur*

will surely never send one of our ears as a token for our ransom. Why, it would go to his heart to cut off a favourite curl."

"How dreary the room looks!—the dark floor—the discoloured walls—the huge shadows, which seem to move as I gaze!"

"The very place for ghosts and midnight murder. You must certainly re-furnish them—but quite in the antique style—when you are Countess di Frianchettini."

"How can you jest at the bare possibility of such a misfortune?"

"What is the use of crying? Thank God the children were left behind—they will give the alarm. I have arranged all the scene of to-morrow in my own mind. You will be dragged to the altar;—you will faint, of course; this occasions a delay—a sudden noise is heard—a party of soldiers rush in—a little fighting, and we are safe. It is so very unromantic to be rescued by one's husband: it would be such an opportunity for a lover. What do you say to Edward Lorraine—he would be a fitting hero for such an adventure?"

Emily blushed, but made no answer. Indeed, she was seized at that moment with a desire to explore their prison. The survey was soon

finished. The first room contained nothing but the table and three large chairs: the other, whose only entrance was the door which led from the outer apartment, had two mattresses and the dressing-table; and the windows were only covered with a slight grating, which yielded to a touch. Lady Mandeville tore away some of the ivy, and looked out. There was water below — for the stars were reflected with the tremulous brightness which mirrors them in the wave; and a dark outline, as if of a steep and wooded bank, arose opposite.

“ If the worst comes to the worst, we can but throw ourselves into the river: which would you like best — to be shot, stabbed, or drowned?”

Emily shuddered; and, to own the truth, as the cold night-air chilled them to the very heart, Lady Mandeville's spirits sank very considerably. Danger she could laugh at — for she could not force herself to believe it could menace *her* — but personal inconvenience made itself felt; and she trembled with cold, while Emily shook with fear. It was a pleasant prospect of passing the night, especially a night that looked to such a morning. They sat down on one of the mattresses — tired, but afraid to sleep — and very

thankful that they had been half suffocated by their cloaks, which had been used to blindfold them — at least they now served to wrap them up.

Small evils make the worst part of great ones : it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience. Captain Franklin, half frozen on the Arctic shores, would not grumble one tithe so much as an elderly gentleman sitting in a draught.

CHAPTER III.

“ But our hero, as might be supposed, soon began to feel dissatisfied with this obscure celebrity, and to look out for opportunities of accomplishing a more extended fame.”—SYDENHAM.

GENIUS has many misfortunes to encounter; but the worst that can befall it, is when it happens to be universal. When a whole world is before it from which to choose, it is rather difficult to decide. This had been the case with Giulio Castelli. His mother was a dancer at the Neapolitan Opera; his father—but truly that was an honour which, like the crown of Belgium, no one seemed very ready to accept. The first ten years of his life were passed in enacting interesting orphans or Cupids; but, alas! he grew out of the theatrical costume and the age of Love. His mamma died; his uncle adopted him, and insisted on bringing him up in an honest way—which meant, cheat-

ing his customers for macaroni as much as possible.

Young Giulio soon made macaroni as well as his uncle, and then felt he had a soul superior to his situation. He settled his accounts summarily—that is to say, he took as many ducats as he could find, and joined a company of strolling comedians. If his musical talents had equalled his others, his fortune had been made; but he had a voice and ear that might have been English. He was next valet to an English nobleman, who lived in his carriage: he was cook to a cardinal, on the profits of whose kitchen he travelled for a while at his own expense. He went to Paris as an artist, who took likenesses in rose-coloured wax; and was successful to a degree as hair-dresser in London. He soon was what seemed wealthy to an Italian. As he grew rich, he grew sentimental—thought of grapes and sunshine—his first love—and his old uncle.

He returned to Naples—found Serafina had married—grown fat, and had had seven children. His uncle was dead, and had left his property to a convent to say masses that his nephew might turn from his evil ways. Giulio felt idle and stupid—gambled and lost his last pistole—had

recourse to his wits and his old opinion, that it was a person's own fault if he was poor while others were rich.

There was some philosophy in this; but, like most other doctrines when reduced to practice, it was carried too far. His principles endangered his person; and the futurity of the galleys was a disagreeable perspective.

One day Lady Mandeville and Emily drove into Naples. The gaily embroidered curtains of their vehicle blew aside, and the two ladies, muffled in fur mantles, were distinctly visible.

It is curious how little we speculate on what may be the impression we produce on others — unless, indeed, vanity comes into play, and then there is no bound to the speculation. Still, the general feeling is utter indifference. Take an example from London life. Some fair dame “in silk attire” folds her cloak round her — if very cold half buries her face in her boa — and drives the usual morning round, without one thought given to the crowd through which she passes; — and yet how many different sensations have followed the track of that carriage! admiration, envy, even hate. Some youth has loitered on his busy way to take another gaze at a being whose beauty and grace are of another

order than his working world. Some young pedestrian of her own sex has cast a glance of envy at the bonnet of which a glimpse is just caught through the window; and, as envy is ever connected with repining, turns regretfully to pursue a walk rendered distasteful by comparison. Then hate—that hate with which the miserably poor look on others' enjoying, what he sees, but shares not, and pursues the toil that binds him to the soil, fiercely and bitterly saying, "Why have I no part in the good things of earth?" Still less did Lady Mandeville and Emily, as they drove through the streets of Naples, dreary as is the aspect of a southern metropolis in the winter, — still less did they think of the hopes, the enterprise, and the daring, their appearance excited in the breast of one individual.

Giulio had for some time past been connected with some gentlemen who quite differed with Solomon about the advantages of a dry morsel and quietness, rather preferring Wordsworth's view of the case —

" The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan —
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

There was an old castle by a small river, only a short distance from the Mandevilles—the haunt of some half dozen of his more immediate associates—that seemed the very place for an exploit like the one he meditated. His residence in England had taught him the language; and one or two little adventures had given him a high idea of English predilections for foreigners; he therefore came to the conclusion, that if Miss Arundel was a girl of any heart, it never could resist a picturesque banditti chieftain—Salvator Rosa and the Surrey Theatre blended in one. His plan was skilfully laid, and daringly executed. The impression he was to produce was the only erroneous part of his calculations.

It was now a little past midnight. “My dear Emily,” said Lady Mandeville, “if there were but a castle clock to toll the hour!”

“If Lord Mandeville returns home to-night, as we expected, surely he will be able to trace us.”

“It is upon his efforts I rely. O Heaven! what is that?” as something fell heavily in at the window.

It was the extreme stillness that exaggerated the noise; for, when they picked up the cause,

it was an arrow, evidently just cut, and a strip of narrow paper folded tightly round. It contained these words, written in pencil:—

“ If you can manage to lower a string from the window your escape is certain.

“ AN ENGLISHMAN.”

Lady Mandeville sprang to the window. She had already cleared away enough ivy to enable her to see out. It was too dark to distinguish any object definitely: the shadow of the old castle lay black on the river, and the outline of the opposite bank was only marked by deeper obscurity.

“ How shall we manage ?”

Emily, whose distinguishing quality was not presence of mind, only looked eagerly at her companion.

“ We cannot be worse off—we may be better. I am sorry, my dear girl, even to propose such a sacrifice; but give me that pretty apron we thought so picturesque and peasant-like this morning, and help me to tear it into strips.”

Emily took off her blue silk apron, whose red trimming was a flattering likeness of a Neapolitan costume. It was soon torn up, and knotted together.

“ It is so light that the wind will blow it back. What shall we do to steady it? An arm of these huge chairs would be very convenient; but to break them is beyond my strength. But I have an idea.”

So saying, Lady Mandeville turned to the toilette, and mercilessly tied up in her handkerchief the various brushes, combs, oils, pomade, and rouge, with which the table was profusely covered. Their weight was sufficient, and the string was lowered from the window.

They heard a splash in the water, and the next moment the string was apparently taken hold of: again it felt slack, and they drew it up, with some light weight attached to it. They saw a coil of rope, and another little scroll. It was a leaf from a pocket-book, written in pencil—by the feel, not by sight—and contained these words:—

“ To the rope is fastened a species of ladder. Can you draw it up, and secure it sufficiently to allow my ascent? If you can—by way of signal, darken your lights for a moment.”

With some difficulty they deciphered the scrawl, and instantly proceeded to carry its advice into execution.

Lady Mandeville's buoyant spirits, those nurses of ready wit, suggested, as she herself said, laughingly, "as many resources as a romance." They drew up the ladder, and secured it by attaching the rope to the three heavy arm-chairs.

"Our deliverer will, at all events, not look his character if he outweighs these huge masses of architecture rather than furniture."

The signal was given by shrouding the lights. One minute's surprise, and a dark shadow appeared at the window. A strong grasp forced aside the iron stanchions—a tall slight figure sprang into the room.

"Mr. Spenser! the very hero for an adventure!" exclaimed Lady Mandeville.

"Miss Arundel!" exclaimed the cavalier, his eye naturally fixed on its chief object of interest.

"We must wait to finish our astonishment," said Lady Mandeville.

"Indeed," returned Cecil, "time is precious. Have you courage to descend a ladder of rope? I think I can guarantee your safety."

Pausing one moment to secure the chairs more firmly, Spenser again approached the casement.

“ My young companion,” rejoined Lady Mandeville, “ shall go first—my nerves are the more serviceable of the two.”

Emily trembled to such a degree that Cecil supported her with difficulty to the boat, where the ladder terminated, and was kept firm by some stranger. However, the conviction on his mind was, that nothing could be more graceful than timidity in a woman. Lady Mandeville followed; and three minutes was the utmost time that elapsed before their little boat was floating down the stream.

The strictest silence was preserved. At length the stranger said, in very patois-sounding Italian, “ We can use our oars now.”

“ How did you come so opportunely to our rescue?”

“ I will give you,” returned Cecil, “ no recital just at present. We must row for our lives, as they say on the Thames when they are rowing for ‘ the cup and the kiver.’”

The light dip of the oars alone broke on the silence. Lady Mandeville was more anxious now the danger was over; and Emily was too much exhausted to speak: besides, to tell the truth, disappointment, however unreasonable it may seem, was the uppermost feeling in her

mind. When she saw a young cavalier spring into the room, she immediately made up her mind that it was Lorraine. A young lady's lover is always present to her imagination; and, of course, exaggerating in her own mind both the difficulty and honour of the adventure, she felt as if Edward had been actually defrauded. If not the most unreasonable—that would be saying too much—a girl in love is certainly the most unreasoning of human beings.

The tide of the narrow stream was with them; Cecil and his comrade rowed vigorously; and all danger of pursuit was rapidly decreasing. But that each of the party were too much occupied for external observation, the eye might have dwelt delightedly on the still beauty around. The deep river, where the oar dipped, but plashed not—the gloomy outlines of the steep banks, whose old trees seemed gigantic—the dark sky overhead, where two or three small but bright stars shone their only light, so far and so spiritual—the gleam of the tapers, which, from the stream's running in a straight line, was still visible from the casement of the old castle, though now diminished to a small bright point—the obscure which they were penetrating—for, from the increasing height of its

banks, the river grew darker and darker — all made one of those exciting scenes where the imagination, like a landscape-painter, colours from nature, only idealising a little. A bend in the river shut out the castle light: the boatmen paused on their oars.

“All path by the river ends here on their side; and we are now as safe as fish in the sea when there’s nobody to catch them,” said the same coarse voice as before.

Cecil now commenced his narrative, which was soon told. Attracted by the extreme beauty of the wild and little-known southern part of Naples, he had been wandering there for some weeks—so he said; to which may be added, he was making up his mind whether Miss Arundel would think him a welcome visitor at the villa. We always hesitate where the feelings are concerned—and he loitered away a whole day of uncertainty when only within a couple of hours’ ride from their house. This, he stated, was occasioned by the great beauty of the place and its environs.

About sunset, he was leaning on the remains of an old wall, which had once probably surrounded a Roman encampment, and now served as a line of demarcation between two villages,

as jealous of each other's claims as near neighbours usually are. While he was deliberating whether he should ride over to the Mandevilles or not, a man, a stranger—though by this time he was well acquainted with most of the peasants—came up and spoke to him. This is not so impertinent in an Italian as it is in an Englishman—or it is not thought so, which amounts to the same thing. Cecil, therefore, civilly replied to his question, which was one almost as general as the weather, viz. the time. Still the man lingered, and at last said, “The Signor Inglesi does not seem a cavalier that would leave his own countrywomen in trouble without helping them.”

“Why, that must very much depend on the nature of the distress.”

No Englishman was ever yet so young, or so adventurous, as not to give one first thought to the imposition which he always expects—and for which he is, notwithstanding, never prepared. To make the shortest of the story, as mysteries are of no use now-a-days—from long habit, every reader always foreseeing their end—this man was one of Giulio's companions. Francisco had assisted in the abduction of Lady Mandeville and Miss Arundel, and was now on

his way to fetch a priest, already gained over by the enterprising professor of curls and carbines. But

“ Envy will merit, like its shade, pursue ;”

and genius, though it cannot communicate itself, can communicate its example. Francisco saw his companion after he had assumed the picturesque costume which was to annihilate the young Englishwoman's peace of mind. In the fulness of his glory he folded his cloak round him, suffered the white plumes to droop over his curls, polished and perfumed with the most fragrant oils, and, turning from his mirror to his friend, said, “ I think my chance is a very tolerable one: instead of running away with the lady, I might have left it to her own good taste to have run away with me.”

Giulio was not the first “ talented individual” whose vanity has been, primarily, an inconvenience to others, and then to himself. Called hastily away for a moment, Francisco tried on the cloak and plumed hat his comrade had left on a bench beside: he folded his arms, and walked to the glass—“ I am sure I look quite as well as he does.” To this conviction succeeded the doubt, why should Giulio marry

the beautiful and rich English girl? But Francisco had no invention—he could devise no expedient by which he could step into the other's place. A thousand old grudges rose up in his memory—the reward lost its value in his eyes—and he arrived at the sure conclusion of the envious, that if he could not make, he could mar. The last finish was given to his displeasure by being sent for the priest while his companions sat down to supper. Off he set in one of the worst possible humours, and exaggerated to the utmost what he termed his comrade's luck.

Now, the difference between good and bad intentions is this:—that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected.

Francisco was considering Giulio's good fortune, as if it had been taken away from himself, when he caught sight of Mr. Spenser. A thousand plans floated in most various ingenuity through his brain, which finally settled

into one. Without knowing who his countrywomen were, Cecil naturally entered most eagerly into any plan for their deliverance. His first proposition, to ride post to Naples, was overruled by Francisco, for the ostensible reason, that it would be too late next day before they could reach the castle: the private reason was, that though he wished to disappoint Giulio, he did not wish to betray his companions—whose futurity, if surprised, would inevitably be the galleys. There is honour among thieves, though it does admit of divers interpretations.

The very adventurousness of the plan he suggested accorded well with Cecil's temper. The only difficulty his companion considered great, was, how to establish a communication. Luckily Spenser, among the resources with which he had attempted to kill Time, had once had a whim of shooting him. His archery dress of green, and the silver arrow—which he did not win from looking at the lady, who held the prize, instead of at the mark—occurred to his memory; and we have seen how successful his scheme of sending an arrow as a messenger proved. They made free with a boat belonging to one of the peasants—formed a rude but safe

ladder of rope—and dropped down the stream, which Francisco knew so well as to make the darkness of no consequence, but as an advantage.

The light in the window indicated the room. Cecil entered, and saw, to his astonishment, old acquaintances. We cannot guard against dangers we do not suspect; and the escape of his prisoners formed no part of Giulio's calculations.

In the mean time, the whole party proceeded in safety down the river. "We must land here," said Francisco, pausing. "I will fasten the boat to the roots of the old chestnut, and half an hour's walk will bring you to the villa." So saying, he struck a light, and, firing a torch made of the green pine-wood, led the way.

Shivering with the cold night-air on the water, both ladies found the good effects of exercise; and Lady Mandeville, while she followed the dark figure of their guide, bearing the pine-splinter, whose deep red glare threw a momentary brightness over the heavy boughs and dusky path, felt all that excitement of spirits natural to one who had an innate taste for adventure, but from which her whole life had been entirely removed.

Poor Emily felt only fatigue ; and while she accepted Mr. Spenser's assistance with all the gratitude of utter exhaustion, said faintly, " I will rejoice over our escape to-morrow." And Cecil—though he observed that the little feet, seen distinctly as they trod in the bright circle made by the torch, took faint and uncertain steps, and that the hand placed on his arm obviously shewed it clung in sheer helplessness—somewhat forgot, in the pleasant task of assistance, his pity for her sufferings.

In the meantime, the servants, who had returned to the villa, had, of course, thrown the whole household into confusion. A messenger was immediately despatched to Lord Mandeville, whom, from his master's having left Naples, he managed to miss on the road. However, he comforted himself by giving very particular accounts of how his mistress had been barbarously murdered by banditti ; and the good city talked incessantly of the murder, till set right next day by the greater marvel of the escape.

An accident to one of his carriage-wheels delayed Lord Mandeville, who did not arrive at home till just before daybreak. To his no small surprise, lights, voices, &c. were indica-

tive of any thing but “tired nature’s sweet restorer;” and yet, when he drove up to the door, no one seemed willing to admit him. His arrival produced one general outcry—then silence—then whispering. “Are they all gone mad?” He had an opportunity of answering his own question, for the door was at last opened; and really the scene of confusion he witnessed might have justified a reply in the affirmative.

All the servants were collected together. That there is safety in numbers, always holds good with the lower classes in cases of thieves or ghosts. They had, obviously, none of them been in bed—all looked foolish and frightened—and some two or three had been evidently having recourse to spiritual consolation. The nurse had left her own regions, and the youngest child was asleep on her knee.

The moment Lord Mandeville entered, all set up some several ejaculation, of which “Oh, my lady!”—“murdered!” &c. was the burden. The eldest boy, pale with late hours, and worked up with the horrible narratives which every one had been contributing, sprang into his father’s arms, and sobbed, to the utter exclusion of all speech.

“ Will nobody hold their tongue?—one of you tell me what has happened. Where is Lady Mandeville?”

“ Murdered!” said a dozen voices at once.

“ Not so bad as that, quite,” said a voice, and in came Lady Mandeville herself, to the still greater alarm of the domestics, who took it for granted it was their mistress’s ghost come to tell of their mistress’s murder.

“ My poor little Frank,” as the child made but one spring to the ground from his father’s arms, and rushed with a scream of delight to his mother.

“ Dearest Ellen, what does all this mean?”

“ That, thank Heaven, I am safe at home,” and, catching her husband’s arm, Lady Mandeville, for the first time, laughed hysterically.

A few words from Mr. Spenser did a great deal towards explaining much in a little time; and in five minutes the confusion had subsided sufficiently to allow the party to recollect they were very hungry: in half an hour they were seated round a supper-table, in all the delightful eagerness of eating and talking. Lady Mandeville narrated the scene of the bandit hair-dresser’s declaration, while her auditors were divided between amusement and in-

dignation—Lord Mandeville being most amused, and Mr. Spenser most indignant.

The next day, procuring a sufficient escort, they rode to the old castle, which at first appeared but a mass of ruins; however, they forced an entrance, but discovered only traces of its late occupiers, not themselves. In one of the lower rooms were some remains of food, and in the upper the three arm-chairs; a bottle of perfumed oil also lay broken on the floor.

“Another loss, in addition to what was bestowed on the river last night: pity there are now no water-nymphs to profit by the benefaction.”

They returned home, where they found the butler in great distress. Signor Francisco had taken advantage of last night's confusion to decamp, not only with the ducats that had been liberally bestowed on him, but also with two pieces of valuable plate.

“Truly, Mr. Spenser,” said Lady Mandeville, “your friends are of a questionable character.”

“Now, after such an adventure,” rejoined Cecil, “it is your duty to be romantic; instead of that, how worldly is your last speech!

first you use my friends, then you abuse them. For my own part, I shall always feel grateful to Francisco," he looked at Emily, "though he did walk off with your silver spoons."

"Do you know," said Lord Mandeville, "I cannot help pitying the bandit *coiffeur*—his design was as brilliant as the mock diamonds that decorated the hand he offered. They say ladies always forgive the sins which their own charms caused; now, own the truth, Emily, are you not flattered by this homage *à vos beaux yeux?*"

"Nay," replied Emily, "don't you think it was rather *les beaux yeux de ma cassette?* I trembled for my pearl necklace, not for my heart."

"Now, out upon you, Frank, to suppose Emily could be flattered in any such way. But I have noticed in all you gentlemen the same *esprit de corps*. It matters not who offers it, a woman must be supposed to be gratified by your selection. Take the 'meanest of your ranks'—

"Vain, mean, and silly,
Low-born, ugly, old,"

and he will make an offer to the Venus di

Medicis, could she step from her pedestal into dazzling life. And what is worse, half his fellow-men would say, 'well, it was a compliment.' ”

“ I merely made an individual application of a general rule. All women love flattery—*ergo*, Miss Arundel liked it.”

“ Now, mercy, Heaven, upon our ill-used race!” replied Lady Mandeville; “ the force of flattery is, I am convinced, very much over-rated. People would far sooner suppose you silly than themselves, and take for granted the compliment they have paid must be received. For my part, how much of my vanity has been mere endurance! I confess myself much of the Macedonian’s opinion,—‘ I would wish for the prize in the chariot race, if kings were my competitors.’ You all know the anecdote of the dustman who requested permission to light his pipe at the Duchess of Devonshire’s eyes. Now, I should have been more displeased with the dustman’s venturing to know whether I had eyes or not, than pleased with the compliment.”

“ Miss Arundel, I beg your pardon,” said Lord Mandeville, laughing; “ I will never ask

whether any abduction flatters you, unless run away with by the Sublime Porte.”

It is worth while to have an adventure, were it only for the sake of talking about it afterwards.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Alas ! for earthly joy, and hope, and love,
 Thus stricken down, even in their holiest hour !
 What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove
 Who live to weep the blasted tree and flower !
 O, wo, deep wo to earthly love’s fond trust !”

MRS. EMBURY.

“ Thou wert of those whose very morn
 Gives some dark hint of night,
 And in thine eye too soon was born
 A sad and softened light.”

T. K. HERVEY.

IF ever Circumstance, that “ unspiritual god” of Byron, took it into his head to put Wordsworth’s theory of “ how divine a thing a woman may be made,” into practice, it was in the case of Beatrice de los Zoridos. Her early childhood had been passed among the wild mountains of her native province—whither Don Henriquez had conveyed his family : one attack had been beaten off from his luxurious home in the valley ; that cost him dear enough—another might be fatal. Besides, the security of the mountains to those he loved most would send him

forth an unfettered warrior against his country's enemies. But what took Lorraine three weeks to learn, may be told in three minutes.

Margaretta Fortescue was the very sweetest little sylph that ever was spoiled by being a beauty and an only child. The last of one of our noblest Norman families, who, from professing the Catholic faith, lived much to themselves—a whole household seemed made but for her pleasure. The first suspicion that even a wish could exist contrary to her own, was when she fell in love with the handsome and stately Spaniard Don Henriquez de los Zoridos, who had made their house his home during his visit to England. The high birth, splendid fortune, and answering creed of her lover, overcame even the objection to his being a foreigner.

Margaretta was married ; her parents accompanied her abroad ; and for four years more her life was like a fairy tale. Its first sorrow was the death of her father. From her great to her small scale Fate repeats her revolutions. Families, as well as nations, would seem to have their epochs of calamity. Thus it proved with the Zoridos. The sunny cycle of their years was past, and the shadows fell the darker for their former brightness.

The French invaded Spain, and their path was as that of some terrible disease, sweeping to death and desolation all before it. Don Henriquez' house was attacked one night; the French were beaten off for a time, but not without much bloodshed. A chance ball laid Mrs. Fortescue a corpse at her daughter's side. Beatrice was wounded, though but slightly, in her very arms; and when daylight dawned on the anxious household, to one half of them it dawned in vain. Zoridos saw that no time must be lost; the enemy would soon be down upon them in overwhelming numbers. A summer-house near, which had been fired, served as a funeral pile—any thing rather than leave even the dead to the barbarity of the invader. Henriquez himself was obliged to force his wife from the body of her mother. A few necessaries were hastily collected—for valuables they had neither thought nor time. Zoridos placed the insensible Margareta before him on his horse, and rode off, without daring to look back on the happy home they were deserting for ever. Beatrice's nurse followed, with her husband and the child. In better days, a daughter of the nurse had married a young mountaineer, whose remote cottage owed every comfort to their master's fair English bride. There they re-

solved to seek for shelter. A few days saw them in, at least, safety. But Zoridos was not the man to remain inactive and secure at a time when it was so imperative on every Spaniard who wore a sword to use it. His plans were soon formed—his wife's frantic entreaties were in vain—and he descended into the plain at the head of a gallant band of guerillas.

Soon after his departure, it became evident, not only to the nurse, but to every individual in the cottage, that the lady's mind had received a shock, not her health. For days together she did not know them—spoke only in English—addressed her nurse, Marcela, as her mother—and played with the little Beatrice as if she were herself a child, and were delighted with such a living plaything.

The first interval he could snatch, Don Henriquez hastened to the cottage. His wife did not know him, shrunk away in pitiable terror from the arms that he wore, and, as if all late events had passed from her memory, only seemed to know that she was spoken to when addressed as Miss Fortescue—by which name she invariably called herself. That night the dark and lonely rocks, where he wandered for hours, were the only witnesses of Zoridos' agony. The next day he was at the British camp. A

week's intended halt permitting such an absence, he prevailed on an English surgeon to accompany him to the mountains. His opinion was only too decisive. Quiet and kindness might ameliorate, but never restore. The only chance he held out was, that when circumstances enabled them to return to their house, familiar scenes, and accustomed dress, might awaken some touch of memory—though nothing could ever recall the whole mind.

To such a blow as this, death had been merciful. Similar tastes, similar pursuits, had bound Zoridos to his young English wife—his mind had been accustomed to see itself mirrored in hers, only with a softer shadow. He had been used to that greatest of mental pleasures—to have his thoughts often divined—always entered into. And now—the intelligent and accomplished woman was a weak, and even worse, a merry child. The affectionate wife looked in her husband's face as in that of a stranger, from whom she shrank with fear. The past with no memory, the future with no hope.

The bitterest cup has its one drop of honey; and the feeling of reciprocal affection was roused in Zoridos by the almost frantic delight of his

infant girl at seeing him again; she clung to him—hid her little face in his bosom—sat still and silent, with that singular sympathy which children often shew to the grief of their elders—and only when overpowered with sleep could she be removed from his knee.

Months passed on. The unfortunate Margareta was taught to consider Zoridos as her husband, and Beatrice as her child, and gradually to feel for them the affection of habit. But her mind seemed to have gone back to her childhood: all her recollections, her amusements, her sorrows, and her joys, belonged to that period. And once when Zoridos brought home for Beatrice a large doll he had obtained from the family of an English officer, her mother seized it with a scream of delight, and made dressing it a favourite employment.

Months grew into years before they dared return to their home; and it was not till after the battle of the Pyrenees that Henriquez and his family again took possession of their mansion. No trace was left of either its beauty or luxury. His embarrassed affairs quite precluded Don Henriquez' plan of taking his wife and daughter to England. A few rooms were made habitable; and Zoridos gave his time and

attention to the education of his child, which, from the extreme solitude in which they lived, devolved entirely upon himself.

Time passed without much to record till Beatrice reached her sixteenth year, when the system of oppression and extortion enforced in his native province called imperatively on Don Henriquez to take his place in the Cortez. A few weeks of bold remonstrance ended with the imprisonment of the most obnoxious members, and a heavy fine on their property.

At sixteen Beatrice found herself in a large desolate house, with scarce resources enough for mere subsistence, her father in an unknown prison, her mother imbecile, and herself without friend or adviser. Zoridos had always foreseen that his daughter's position must be one of difficulty, and he had endeavoured to prepare for what he could not avert. The free spirit of the mountain girl had been sedulously encouraged; she had early learnt to think, and to know the value of self-exertion. To privation and hardship she was accustomed. She had read much; and if one work was food to the natural poetry of her imagination, and the romance nursed in her solitary life,—another taught her to reflect upon her feelings, and by

the example of others' actions to investigate her own. She was now to learn a practical lesson—lessons which, after all, if they do but fall on tolerable ground, are the only ones that bear real fruit.

One day, Minora, the daughter of the old guerilla who had served with her father, came up with the intelligence that a detachment of soldiers, galloping up, had detailed their business, while pausing for wine and directions in the village. It was to levy the fine, and search for suspected persons—in other words, to pillage the house. Beatrice looked at her mother, who was busy sorting coloured silks for her daughter's embroidery. Who could tell the consequences of another alarm, where the first had been so fatal? Her resolution was instantly taken. A few weeks since, with the view of supplying Donna Margareta with a constant amusement, Beatrice had fixed on an open space in the thicket for a garden, and had there collected bees and flowers, and framed a little arbour. The way to it was very intricate, and the place entirely concealed. If she could but prevail on her mother to remain there, her security would be almost certain. Hastily placing a little fruit in a basket, and catching up a large

cloak, she proposed their going to eat their grapes in Donna Margaretta's garden.

"She will never stay there," said the old man.

Beatrice started—a sudden thought flashed across her mind—she turned pale and hesitated; at that moment the foremost of the soldiers appeared on the distant hill; she rushed out of the room, and returned with a small phial and a wine-flask, which she placed in the basket.

"Leave those," said she to Pedro and her nurse, who were clearing away a little remnant of plate; "to miss the objects of their search would alone provoke more scrutiny. Follow me at once."

The garden was reached before the soldiers rode up to the house. The wind blew from that direction, and brought with it the sound of their voices and laughter. The misery of such sounds was counterbalanced by the certainty that the same wind would waft their own voices, or rather Donna Margaretta's, voice away from the house. Still Beatrice, who knew the extreme restlessness of her parent's disorder, felt convinced she should never be able to prevail on her to remain quiet. To be discovered by

the soldiers would be death and insult in their worst forms. The whole province had been filled with tales of their reckless brutality towards those suspected by the government. One course remained—it was one she trembled to pursue. She had brought a little phial with her—it contained laudanum. It had been used by her father, who frequently suffered from a wound he had received. She had often dropped it for him. But she knew it was poison—she could not foresee what its effects might be upon her mother in her state, if she were to give her too much. Her blood froze in her veins at the thought. Donna Margaretta grew every moment more restless and angry at not being allowed to return to the house. If prevented by force, the screams she sometimes uttered in her paroxysms of rage were fearful, and must inevitably be heard. Besides, there was the chance of her evading their vigilance, and she would then fly, like an arrow, to the threatened danger.

“ I must try the only hope I have—God help me ! ”

Beatrice went to the fountain, and in the wine and water mixed a portion of laudanum : her mother seeing the glass, asked for it eagerly,

and drained the whole contents. All her efforts were now to be exerted to keep her unfortunate parent amused. With a strong effort she mastered her agitation—she helped her to gather flowers—she made them into wreaths for her hair—she pointed out her image in the fountain, and Margaretta laughed with delight. After a while she complained of being fatigued. Beatrice thought, with an agony of apprehension, of the sleep that was quickly coming over her. In a few moments more, Donna Margaretta was in a profound slumber.

The two servants, the moment their mistress was quiet, seized the opportunity to depart: Marcela to seek a neighbouring village, whither two of the domestics had gone to attend the festival of St. Francis, and warn them against an abrupt return: Pedro to their own village, to learn, if possible, what was likely to be the stay of the soldiers. Evening was coming on fast, and not a moment was to be lost. Beatrice could hardly force herself to tell them not to return if the least peril was in the attempt. They departed with the utmost caution—scarce a rustle among the leaves told her she was alone. The next two hours passed in listening to every noise—the waving of a bough made

her heart beat audibly—or in watching the placid sleep of her mother.

The last small red cloud mirrored in the fountain disappeared—distant objects were lost in obscurity—the shadows seemed, as they do seem at nightfall, almost substantial—tree after tree disappeared—the fountain and the nearer shrubs looked like fantastic figures; she fancied she could see them move. Even these became invisible; and the darkness was so entire, that, to use the common but expressive phrase, she could not see her hand. Still, voices came from the house, in singing and shouts. It was evident they intended to pass the night there, and were consuming its earlier part in revelry. The hope she had hitherto entertained of their departure was at an end.

To spend the night in the open air was nothing to the mountain-bred girl. She crept close to her mother—the moss and heaped-up leaves were soft and dry—she leant over her, and felt her warm breath on her cheek; she then knelt beside and prayed earnestly in the English tongue. There was superstition, perhaps, in this—but affection is superstitious.

At length the sounds from the house ceased—strange, she missed them; the utter silence

and the darkness were so fearful in their stillness! A single star—a tone from a familiar voice—she would have blessed. How long the time seemed! As the night deepened, all her efforts against sleep were unavailing: more she dared not. Amid such utter darkness, the chances were, that if she left her mother's side, she might not again find her place. Sleep did overcome her—that feverish, broken sleep, which renews, in some fantastic manner, the fears of our waking. Even this was disturbed. Was it a sound in her dream, or some actual noise, that made her start up in all that vague gasping terror which follows when abruptly roused? All was still for a moment; and then a flash, or rather flood of lightning glared away the darkness—the fountain for an instant was like a basin of fire—every tree, ay, every bough, leaf, and flower, were as distinct as by day: one second more, and the thunder shook the very ground.

Beatrice perceived that it was one of those awful storms which gather on the lofty mountains, and but leave their mighty cradles to pour destruction on the vales below. Flash succeeded flash, peal followed peal, mixed with the crash-

ing branches, and a wind which was like a hurricane in voice and might. Suddenly the thunder itself was lost in the tremendous fall of an old oak, which, struck by the lightning, reeled, like an overthrown giant, to the earth. It sank directly before the spot which sheltered the fugitives; some of its boughs swept against those of the ilex over their heads; a shower of leaves fell upon Beatrice, and with the next flash she could see nothing but the huge branches which blocked them in.

But even the terror that another bolt might strike the very tree over them, was lost in a still more agonising dread. How could her mother sleep through a tumult like this? Beatrice touched her hands—they felt like marble; she bent over her mouth, but the arm prevented her touching the lips; and the attitude in which she lay equally hindered her from feeling if her heart beat; but the upper part of the face was as cold, she thought, as death. “Great God! I have killed my mother.” She bent to raise her in her arms—she might thus ascertain if her heart beat. Again she paused, and wrung her hands in the agony of indecision. She had heard, that those whom noise could not wake

were easily roused by being moved. If she, to satisfy her own fears, were to wake her mother ! Beatrice trembled even to touch her hand.

The storm had now spent its fury, and was succeeded by a heavy shower. Fortunately, the thick shelter of the leaves protected them ; and the rain that fell through, though sufficient to drench her own light garments, would do little injury to the thick cloak which enveloped her mother. It was too violent to last ; but a long and dreary interval had yet to pass before day-break,—haunted, too, by the fear of her mother's death, which had now completely taken possession of poor Beatrice. At last a faint break appeared in the sky ; it widened, objects became faintly outlined on the air—shadowy, indistinct, and sometimes seeming as if about to darken again ; a slight red hue suddenly shone on the trunk of the ilex, and light came rapidly through the branches. Beatrice only watched it as it fell on her mother ; her face was now visible—it wore the placid look of a sleeping child ; again she felt her warm breath upon her cheek. For the first time that night, Beatrice wept, and in the blessing of such tears forgot for a moment the dangers which yet surrounded them.

She now perceived that they were quite

hemmed in by the fallen tree—she could see nothing beyond its boughs. Those boughs were soon to prove their safety. About two hours after daybreak, she heard sounds from the house, voices calling, and the note of a trumpet. She listened anxiously, when, to her dismay, the sounds approached. She distinguished steps, then voices—both alike strange. They were the two officers of the detachment, loitering away time till their men were ready.

“The inhabitants were off like pigeons,” said one.

“I wonder if they had any concealed treasure—I wish we had caught them, on that account,” was the reply.

“Small signs of that,” observed the first speaker; “besides, the war, we know, ruined Don Henriquez.”

“They say his wife was beautiful: I should like to have seen her. I owe the Hidalgo an old grudge. Well, if he gets out of his dungeon—to do which he must be an angel for wings, or a saint for miracles—he won’t find much at home.”

Again the trumpet sounded; it seemed to be a signal, for the speakers hurried off, and Beatrice at last heard the trampling of the

horses gradually lost in the distance. She waited yet a little while, and then, her mother still appearing to sleep soundly, she thought she might leave her for a few minutes.

With some difficulty she forced a way through the boughs. What devastation had a night effected! Flowers torn up by the roots—huge branches broken off as if they had been but leaves, and two or three trees utterly blown down—shewed how the little garden had been laid open to its late unwelcome visitors. With a rapid, yet cautious step, she proceeded to the house. Not a human being was near, and she entered. What utter, what wanton destruction had been practised! The furniture lay in broken fragments—every portable article had been carried away—the walls defaced, and in one or two places burnt. There seemed to have been an intention of firing the house. What she felt most bitterly yet remained. There hung the blackened frames of her father and her mother's portraits, but the pictures had been consumed.

But Beatrice knew it was no time to indulge in lamentations. In the kitchen yet smouldered the remains of fire, and this she soon kindled to a flame, and nourished it with wood which

was scattered about. A step on the threshold made her start up in terror: it was only Pedro. A few words explained their mutual situation. He had been unable to return, but had watched the soldiers depart, and had come from the village with provision and offers of assistance. Both went to the arbour; and while with his axe and the assistance of a villager he opened a path through the boughs, Beatrice entered to watch the slumber she now most thankfully desired to break. She bathed the face of the sleeper with some essence, raised her in her arms, and called upon her name. As if to reward her for her last night's forbearance, Donna Margaretta stirred with the first movement, and opened her eyes. Still, she was evidently oppressed by sleep, though cold and shivering. Pedro and his companion carried her to the house—a couch was formed by the fireside—and Beatrice never left her till thoroughly warmed and awakened. It was evident that she, at least, had sustained no injury.

Beatrice rushed into the next room to throw herself on her knees in thanksgiving. Fatigue, distress, loss, were all absorbed in one overpowering feeling of gratitude. But the reaction was too strong: her nurse now arrived;

and when Beatrice threw her arms round her neck to welcome her, for the first time in her life she fainted.

The young Spaniard had now to commence a course of small daily exertions, the most trying of all to one whose habits hitherto had been those of imaginative idlesse — mornings passed over a favourite volume, evenings over her lute, only interrupted by attention to her mother, of which affection made a delight. Now the common comforts, even the necessaries of life, were suddenly taken from them. Their valuables had mostly been carried off; and rent and service were quite optional with the peasantry. Long habit, and the remembrance of protection, still more that of kindness, met their reward in all possible assistance from the village. The little plate that, from its concealment, had escaped, was sold at once. The produce was sufficient for the present; and Beatrice resolved, by the smallness of the demands on the tenants of her father, to leave as little encouragement as possible to the avarice that might tempt them to seize such an opportunity for ending their Hidalgo's claim.

She dismissed all the domestics except the nurse and her husband, and an old negro, who,

bred from infancy in their service, had not an idea beyond. She took every thing under her own direction. A small part only of the house was attempted to be made habitable—a small part only of the garden to be cultivated, and that soon became an important branch of their domestic economy. Their honey and grapes, from the care bestowed on each, found a market at the town, which was a few leagues distant. They were equally fortunate in their wine; and the lamentations of Pedro and Marcela over the downfall of their master's house, mixed with a few hints of its degradation, were lost in the silent conviction of the real comfort attendant on these new plans.

With two especial difficulties Beatrice had to contend. The first was, to induce old servants to believe that a young mistress could know better than themselves: and this was an obstacle nothing but a temper as sweet as it was firm could have overcome. The other was, to reconcile Donna Margareta to the loss of accustomed luxuries. Like a child, she attached the idea of punishment to privation. The loss of the embroidered cover to her chair, and the beautiful cup for her chocolate, and the wearing a coarse dress, were subjects of bitter

lamentation. This was the more painful to the daughter, from her feeling that these trifles were all the pleasures her parent was capable of enjoying.

The first great disorder of the house somewhat reduced, Beatrice devoted every leisure moment to her embroidery; and was well repaid for her trouble by the scream of delight with which her mother saw her chair covered with silk worked with the brightest-coloured flowers. One improvement succeeded another: the floor was spread with matting—the vine, sacrificing its fruit to its leaves, served for a curtain—the walls were adorned with some of her drawings—her mother's flower-garden was restored—and many months of comparative comfort elapsed. The work she had begun for her mother, by its continuance became also a source of revenue. Pedro improved as a salesman; and divers ornamental additions made Donna Margaretta very happy.

Still, the uncertainty of her father's fate kept Beatrice in a state of anxious wretchedness. One morning she had wandered farther into the wood than was now her wont—for she had but little time by day for solitary reflection—when she was startled by a figure cautiously

stealing out from the thick brushwood: a moment more, and she was in her father's arms. But the happiness of their meeting was soon broken in upon by the precariousness of their situation. Don Henriquez was now flying from a dungeon, which he had escaped with a price set upon his head. "Surely, dearest father," exclaimed Beatrice, "you would be safe in your own house; secluded in some of the uninhabited rooms, your wants could be so easily supplied. I would be so prudent, so careful — and your old servants, you cannot doubt their fidelity?"

"But I doubt their prudence. A single suspicious circumstance — a single careless word, reaching the village, would bring inevitable ruin on us all. Your poor mother and yourself are at present unmolested — God keep you so! Besides, the lives of too many are now linked with mine for me to run any avoidable risk. I have been here since yesterday — I have lingered about our old haunts in hopes of meeting you, and depart to-morrow with daybreak."

"And you have been here for hours, and I knew it not?"

"This is no time for my little mountaineer to weep. Are you likely to be missed?"

The certainty that, even now, her presence was wanted at home—the impossibility of evading their notice for some hours to come—all rushed upon Beatrice's mind.

“What shall I—can I do? To stay with you now will inevitably occasion a search—Alas! my dearest father, you do not know what an important person your Beatrice is at home. You dare not trust even Marcela?”

“Impossible—you know her chattering habits—she could not keep a secret if she tried.”

The truth of this Beatrice had not now to learn.

“To-night, then, my father—you know the old oak, which you used to call our study—I will be there by eleven o'clock—I cannot come by day without exciting wonder.”

“Alone, and at night?—impossible.”

“The very loneliness makes our security. There is moonlight enough to shew my way—there is nothing to fear, my own dear father!”

“And, Beatrice, endeavour to bring some food—I must rely on you for supper.”

A hasty farewell, whose sorrow was lost in its fear, and Beatrice ran home in time to be scolded by Marcela for keeping dinner waiting. An old servant dearly loves a little autho-

rity — and as for the matter of that, who does not ?

The day seemed as if it never would end ; and as the evening closed, her anxiety became intolerable. Donna Margareta, always unwilling to go to bed, was even more wakeful than usual. Then Marcela fancied that her child looked pale, and began to accuse her late sitting up as the cause. At last she was alone, and every thing buried in the most profound quiet. With a beating heart, but a quiet hand, she took the little basket of wine and provision. How thankful did she feel that their stores were all in her keeping !

Once out of the house, she darted like a deer to the wood. The new moon gave just light enough to shew the way to one who knew it well ; and Beatrice was with her father almost before she had thought of the dangers around them. Eagerly she displayed the contents of her basket : there was some dried meat, hard-boiled eggs, a small loaf, and a piece of honeycomb ; also some olives, and two or three cakes of chocolate. Beatrice felt heart-sick to see the famished voracity with which her father ate—it was the first time he had tasted food for three days.

Each had much to tell—the child a tale of patient and affectionate exertion, every word of which was rewarded by a blessing or caress. The parent had to record a strict imprisonment, and a hazardous escape, aided by a party with whom he was now linked.

Don Henriquez had sought Naples in the first instance: a knot of exiles had there laid a daring plan for revolution, which, in their country's liberty, involved their own restoration. Zoridos' talents and activity pointed him out as a fit agent. He returned to Spain, and was now on his way to join and take command of an insurrection, whose success was to be the touchstone of their countrymen.

The night passed rapidly—the morning star shewed the necessity of parting—a few minutes more, and the smugglers with whom Zoridos was to travel would arrive. With the acute hearing of anxiety, each fancied they could discern in the distance the tramp of the mules: still Beatrice clung passionately to her father. “Beatrice,” said he, after a moment's reflection, “you have lately shewn a readiness of expedient, and a resolution, which even I could not have expected from you. You may safely be trusted. This packet contains important

intelligence to those to whose sacred cause I stand pledged. The effort about to be made may fail, and these papers be lost. If in the course of two months you hear nothing farther of me, convey them, if possible, to Naples, but by a safe channel. As an inducement, if one be needed, the man to whose care it is addressed will know my fate, if known to any one on earth."

Beatrice took the packet with a mute gesture of obedience, but words choked her while parting again with her father, and for a service so full of danger. But the sound of the mules was now close upon them. "Go—go—they must not see you. God bless you, my best beloved, my excellent child!"

A farewell, which had yet a thousand things to say, passed in a moment. Beatrice gave one long, last look—agitation lent her speed—she ran swiftly through the forest—and, unseen and unheard, gained her own room.

The next two months passed in the restlessness of feverish expectation; but day after day, week after week, and no tidings of Don Henriquez. The packet now haunted Beatrice: its own importance—the hope of learning somewhat of her father—the danger of their situa-

tion, whose resources every hour was lessening—the conviction that she had not a creature on whom she could rely—for, besides Pedro's natural stupidity, he was ignorant of the Italian language; and to trust him with the pass-word taught by her father, might risk the safety of many,—all tended to increase the distress which surrounded her. Her deliberations ended in resolving to be herself the bearer. She might leave her mother to Marcela's care—a pilgrimage would account for her absence in the village—and a masculine disguise seemed, indeed, her only protection against the worst difficulties of her route. Pedro's illness prevented the execution of this project; and Lorraine's appearance suggested another. An Englishman would run no risk. Could he take, or transmit the packet for her?

CHAPTER V.

“ ‘ Is love foolish, then ? ’ said Lord Bolingbroke.

“ ‘ Can you doubt it ? ’ answered Hamilton. ‘ It makes a man think more of another than himself. I know not a greater proof of folly. ’ ”

Devereux.

BELIEVING, as I do, that falling in love goes by destiny, and that, of all affairs, those of the heart are those for which there is the least accounting, I have always thought, that to give reasons for its happening, is throwing the said reasons away—a waste much to be deprecated in an age where reasons are in such great request. It is not beauty that inspires love—still less is it mind. It is not situation—people who were indifferent in a moonlight walk, have taken a fit of sentiment in Piccadilly. It is not early association—indeed, the chances are rather against the Paul and Virginia style. It is not dress—conquests have been made in curl-

papers. In short—to be mythological in my conclusion—the quiver of Cupid hangs at the girdle of Fate, together with her spindle and scissors.

Beatrice had, even in her short and active life, perhaps dreamed of a lover. What Spanish girl, whose lute was familiar with all the romantic legends of her own romantic land, but must have had some such dream haunt her twilight? And for the matter of that, what girl, Spanish or English, has not? But Beatrice was too unworldly to dream of conquest—too proud to fear for her heart—and too much accustomed to idealise a lover amid the Paladins of olden time, to associate the young Englishman with other ideas than a claim to hospitality, and a vague hope of assistance. She was now to turn over a new leaf in the book of life—to learn woman's most important lesson—that of love.

Not one person in a thousand is capable of a real passion—that intense and overwhelming feeling, before which all others sink into nothingness. It asks for head and heart—now many are deficient in both. Idleness and vanity cause, in nine cases out of ten, that state of excitement which is called being in love. I

have heard some even talk of their disappointments, as if such a word could be used in the plural. To be crossed in love, forsooth—why, such a heart could bear as many crosses as a raspberry tart.

But Beatrice loved with all the vividness of unwasted and unworn feeling, and with all the confidence of youth. Proud, earnest, and enthusiastic, passion was touched with all the poetry of her own nature. Her lover was the idol, invested by her ardent imagination with all humanity's "highest attributes." Undegraded by the ideas of flirtation, vanity, interest, or establishment, her love was as simple as it was beautiful. Her life had passed in solitude, but it had been the solitude of both refinement and exertion. She was unworldly, but not untaught. She had read extensively and variously. Much of her reading had been of a kind unusual to either her sex or age; but she had loved to talk with her father on the subjects which engaged him; and the investigations which were to analyse the state of mankind, and the theories which were to ameliorate it, became to her matters of attraction, because they were also those of affection.

Natural scenery has no influence on the cha-

racter till associated with human feelings: the poet repays his inspiration by the interest he flings round the objects which inspired it. Beatrice had early learnt this association of nature with humanity. She was as well acquainted with the English literature and language as with her own; and the melancholy and reflective character of its poetry suited well a young spirit early broken by sorrow, and left, moreover, to entire loneliness. The danger of a youth so spent was, that the mind would become too ideal—that mornings, passed with some favourite volume by the dropping fountain, or beneath the shadowy ilex, would induce habits of romantic dreaming, utterly at variance with the stern necessities of life.

But Beatrice had been forced into a wholesome course of active exertion. Obligated to think and to act for herself—to have others dependent on her efforts—to know that each day brought its employment, her mind strengthened with its discipline. The duties that excited also invigorated. The keen feeling, the delicate taste, were accustomed to subjection, and romance refined, without weakening.

Love is the Columbus of our moral world, and opens, at some period or other, a new

hemisphere to our view. For the first time in his life Lorraine loved—deeply and entirely; for the first time he had met one in whose favour his feeling, his imagination, and his judgment, equally decided. He wondered, with all the depreciating spirit of a lover, that he had ever thought any woman tolerable before.

Lorraine's own talents were too brilliant for him to underrate those of another; and the charm was as delightful as it was new, to see his thoughts understood, his views reflected in a mind, whose powers, though softened, were scarce inferior to his own. Her conversation, when she did speak, had a peculiar fascination: it was evident she was not in the habit of talking. There was an eagerness, a freshness, about her speech, as if the rush of feeling and idea forced their expression rather for their own relief than for the impression of their hearer. Its singularity was, in truth, its entire absence of display—she spoke, as she listened, for pleasure; and a great mass of information, with a naturally keen perception and excitable imagination, were heightened by the originality given by her solitary life. It was delightful to have so much to communicate, and yet to be so well understood. Then the contrast between

the two gave that variety which attracts without assimilating.

Beatrice was grave ; silent, except when much interested ; reserved, save when under the influence of some strong feeling ; with manners whose refinement was that of inherently pure taste, and much mental cultivation, touched, too, with the native grace inseparable from the very beautiful : self-possessed, from self-reliance ; and with a stately bearing, which—call it prejudice, or pride, or dignity—spoke the consciousness of high descent, and an unquestioned superiority. The pride of birth is a noble feeling.

Lorraine, on the contrary, was animated—more likely to be amused than excited—with a general expression of indifference not easily roused to interest. His manners had that fine polish only to be given by society, and that of the best. His thoughts and feelings were kept in the background—not from native reserve, but from fear of raillery—that suspicion of our hearers which is one of the first lessons taught in the world. His habits were luxurious—hers were simple ; he was witty and sarcastic—she scarcely understood the meaning of ridicule ; his rules of action were many—as those rules must be on which the judgments of others

are to operate—hers were only those of right and wrong. A whole life spent in society inevitably refers its action to the general opinion. Beatrice, as yet, looked not beyond the action itself.

Days, weeks passed away, and Edward lingered in the neighbourhood. Marcela, like most nurses, thought her child might marry an emperor; and, as an emperor was not at hand, the young, rich, and handsome Englishman was a very good substitute. With Donna Margaretta he was an unbounded favourite: she was just a child—and gentle and genuine kindness never fails to win the love of children. Beatrice knew his footstep at a distance that might have defied even the acute listener of the fairy tale; and yet, with even such long forewarning, would blush crimson deep on his entrance. Lorraine would loiter, and ask for one more of her native ballads; and then think, how could it be late, when he seemed but just to have arrived?

Young, loving, and beloved—how much of happiness may be summed up in a few brief words!—All great nonsense, I grant; and at this conviction most lovers arrive in a very few months. But if it would sometimes save much

sorrow, it would also destroy great enjoyment, could we think at the time as we do afterwards. Yet there is a period in the lives of most, when the heart opens its leaves, like a flower, to all the gentle influences ; — when one beloved step is sweet in its fall beyond all music, and the light of one beloved face is dear as that of heaven ; — when the thoughts are turned to poetry, and a fairy charm is thrown over life's most ordinary occurrences ; Hope, that gentlest astrologer, foretelling a future she herself has created ; — when the present is coloured by glad yet softened spirits, buoyant, though too tender for mirth. Who shall say that is a selfish feeling which looks in another's eyes to read its own happiness, and holds another's welfare more precious than its own ? What path in after-time will ever be so pleasant as that one walk which delayed on its way, and yet ended so soon ? What discourse of the wise, the witty, the eloquent, will ever have the fascination of a few simple, even infantile words — or of the still, but delicious silence which they broke ? Why does love affect childish expressions of endearment, but because it has all the truth and earnestness of child-

hood ? And the simplicity of its language seems the proof of its sincerity. Or is it that, being unworldly itself, it delights to retreat upon those unworldly days ? Go through life, and see if the quiet light of the stars, the passionate song of the poet, the haunted beauty of flowers, will ever again come home to the heart as they did in that early and only time.

Now, let no one say that I am trying to make young people romantic. While I acknowledge that the gardens of Iran exist, I beg leave also to state that they lie in a desert—appear but for a moment—and then vanish in their beauty for ever. Every fable has its moral ; and that of love is disappointment, weariness, or disgust. Young people would avoid falling in love, if—as some story-book observes—young people would but consider. When Cromwell sent his ambassador to Spain, under circumstances which somewhat endangered his head, he encouraged him by stating, “ That if his head fell, that of every Spaniard in his dominions should fall too.” “ A thousand thanks,” returned the diplomatist ; “ but among all these heads there may not be one to fit me.”

What he said of heads may also be said of

experience—there is a large stock on hand ; but, somehow or other, nobody's experience ever suits us except our own. Love rarely keeps its secret : it did not in the case before us. Beatrice was ignorant of her feelings : with no rival to enlighten, no vanity to insinuate — with the most romantic of ideal beliefs on the subject, love never entered her head with reference to herself. She was happy without analysing the cause ; nay, her very happiness blinded her. Accustomed to think of love as it is depicted in poetry, — poetry which so dwells on its sorrow, its faithlessness, its despair, — she recognised no trace of love in the buoyant feeling, which now to her touched all things with its own gladness.

Lorraine was more enlightened. Whether it be from knowing that he has to woo as well as win, a man rarely loves unconsciously. Besides, he had all the knowledge of society, much of observation, something too of remembrance. A woman's heart is like a precious gem, too delicate to bear more than one engraving. The rule does not hold good with the other sex : indeed, I doubt whether it be not an advantage for a lover to be able to contrast the finer qualities of one capable of inspiring a deep and

elevated attachment with the falsehood or the folly he has known before. However, as they say to justify political revolutions, it was impossible such a state of things could last: and one afternoon the little fountain had its own silvery music broken by those sweetest human sounds — a lover's passionate pleading, and his mistress's whispered reply. There is an established phrase for the description of such occasions. "The conversation of lovers being always uninteresting to a third person, we shall omit its detail."

Contrary to the fashion of the present day, I have a great respect for the precedents left by our grandfathers and grandmothers; I shall therefore follow their example of omission. Insipidity, though, is not the real cause of such dialogues being left to die on the air, and fade from the memory. The truth is, to those in the same situation all description seems cold, tame, and passionless; while to those who have never known or outlived such time, it appears overwrought, excessive, and absurd.

That evening Beatrice narrated the whole history of her past life. Her love she had avowed; but her hand must depend on the delivery of the packet, and on her father.

“ I feel an internal conviction that he lives ; and he must not come to a desolate and deserted home, and find that his child has forgotten him for a stranger. Take the packet to Naples, make every inquiry : if my father live, we may be so happy in your beautiful England.”

“ But why not go with me ? Why delay, nay, risk, our happiness ? Young, isolated, as you are, surely, my sweet Beatrice, your father would rejoice in your content and safety.”

“ The God to whose care his last words resigned me, has been my guide through dangers and difficulties. I am still secure in such reliance. You know not my love for my father, when you bid me separate my destiny from his—to think not of his wishes—and to be happy, while he perhaps is wretched and suffering. I will at least endeavour to learn his will ; and, dearest Lorraine”—the colour flushed her cheek, like a rose, at these words—“ the sweetest song I have sung was the saddest, and it spoke of a broken vow and a broken heart. I would fain put the love you tell me is so true to the test. Is there such change in a few weeks that you dread to try ?”

The dispute ended as disputes usually do when a lady is really in earnest in the will she expresses to her lover. Lorraine took charge of the packet—was intrusted with the pass-word—and prepared to take his departure reluctantly enough, but still with much of excitement and interest in his expedition.

From the eloquent descriptions of the daughter, he had imbibed no little admiration of the father. It must be owned, that Beatrice's character of him was rather his *beau idéal* than himself. Don Henriquez was a brave and honourable man, with a degree of information rare among his countrymen; but he was not at all the person to be placed in uncommon circumstances. He had seen enough of England to have caught impressions, rather than convictions, of the advantages of a free people; and a good constitution seemed equally necessary to the nation and the individual. But his ideas of liberty were more picturesque than practical. He dwelt on the rights of the people, without considering whether that people were in a state to enforce, or even receive them. He declaimed on tyranny like an ancient, on information like a modern. He forgot that, for change to be useful, it must be gradual; and while enlarging on

the enlightened intellect of the present time, he overlooked the fact, that our ancestors could not have been altogether so very wrong, or that society could not have gone on at all.

He had a vivid imagination—and this threw a charm, rather than a light, around the subjects it investigated. He was one of those who feel instead of think, and therefore invest their theories with a reality incomprehensible to a calm observer. Hence, it seemed wonderful that what was so tangible to himself was not equally so to others; and from being surprised that our opinions are not understood, is an easy step towards being angry.

His views were narrow, because they were impassioned. Moreover, he had a natural flow of eloquence—a gift which deceives no one more than its possessor: there is a difficulty in believing that what is so very easy to say, is not equally easy to do. Like many orators, he did not take into consideration, that a good argument is not always a good reason; and that, unfortunately for the peace of society, and fortunately for debaters, there never was yet a contested point without excellent arguments on both sides of the question.

Don Henriquez was, besides, a vain, and there-

fore a restless man. The earlier part of his life had been spent in a career, for which, above all others, he was suited — that of a bold and active Guerilla chief : but the quiet and loneliness of the succeeding peace was perfectly intolerable. He talked in the most beautiful manner of devoting himself to the education of his child ; but unfortunately Beatrice was too young to comprehend the extent of the sacrifice. Having only his own opinion by which to estimate his talents, no marvel it was an exaggerated one.

Don Henriquez would have been a happy man in England : he would have taken the chair at public dinners, and said the most touching things about alleviating the distresses of our fellow-creatures : he would have delayed as much as possible the business of county meetings, by shewing how much better it might be done : he would have given dinners to politicians, and called it supporting his party—and dinners to a few successful authors, and called it encouraging genius : he would have been in the opposition, and made some eloquent speeches on retrenchment and reform, and the newspapers next day would have complimented the honourable member for Cocker-

mouth on his brilliant and patriotic display : he would have died, and left *matériel* for a well-rounded paragraph in the obituary, without having retarded or advanced one single circumstance in the great chain of events. But, alas ! for the mismanagement of fate—he was quite out of his place in the Cortez of Spain : he dilated on religious toleration to those in whose ears it sounded like blasphemy—on the blessing of knowledge, to those with whom intellect and anarchy were synonymous—and on the rights of the people, to Hidalgos, who were *preux chevaliers* in loyalty to their king.

Zoridos soon became an object of suspicion to the government. Besides, like most brilliant talkers, he generally said more than he meant ; and, not being in the habit of very closely analysing his thoughts, his expressions often admitted of two constructions. His eloquence ended in his arrest.

A happy man was Don Henriquez during the first week of his confinement. Execrable tyranny—infamous oppression—incarcerated patriot—victim in the glorious cause of liberty—was enough to console any one. Henriquez was also a lucky man ; for, just as his situation lost its novelty, and he begun to think

suffering in the cause of his country rather tiresome, if it lasted too long,—a fellow-captive opened to him a plan of escape, on condition of his joining some patriots in an insurrection.

Don Henriquez' bravery was well known; and, as is often the case with new acquisitions, his talents were over-estimated. He was first sent to Naples to learn what assistance might be expected from the Carbonari there. A great many signs were agreed upon—a great deal of talking took place—and Zoridos returned, as we have related, to organise a revolt in the mountains.

His situation was certainly bad when he met his daughter in the wood; for, exaggerating his importance, he also magnified his danger, and took such pains to avoid suspicion, that he created it. So carefully had he shunned the villages, that he missed one of his stations; and by the time he arrived near his own house, there really was some danger in approaching it. Besides, a conspirator's is a melo-dramatic character, and he was desirous of giving due effect to his part.

The philosophy of atoms has some truth in it. What exceedingly small motives make the great whole of a fine action! Henriquez

loved his child dearly ; but, with the true selfishness of display, he forgot her anxiety, in his desire to impress upon her the full importance of his position. A natural feeling for her lonely and neglected condition, and the thought of a home that seemed very happy now he was banished from it, both conspired to make his interview in the wood a very sorrowful parting. Unhappiness with him always invested itself in a fine phrase, which is a great consolation. We always bear a dignified misfortune best.

The speech he made after supper to the smugglers, under whose escort he was to travel, would have brought down three rounds of applause in any meeting ever yet held at the Crown and Anchor. It began with his principles, proceeded with his feelings, and wound up with his suffering.

“ Yes, gentlemen, my house is in ruins ; my homeless wife—my deserted child—know not where to lay their heads. I am an exile from my native land—the sword of the executioner waits for the blood of the victim of oppression ; but I disdain the fetters of the tyrant, and defy his power. I live or die for the cause of my country.”

The muleteers were greatly struck—first, be-

cause we usually think that very fine which we do not quite understand; secondly, they were rather grateful to a gentleman who exerted himself so much for their entertainment; and thirdly, the king and the custom-house officers, liberty and French brandy duty-free, were, somehow or other, entirely associated in their minds.

It is a singular thing, that it never occurred to Don Henriquez that his misfortunes were very much of his own seeking: if he had not gone to the mountain—(Liberty is a mountain-nymph—is she not?), the mountain would never have come to him. He had been under no necessity of becoming a member of the Cortez, and still less of talking when he got there. Neither did that very obvious truth suggest itself, that if his plans for illuminating and ameliorating the human race were so excellent, he might first have tried a portion of them on his own estate—reformed his own house, before he tried to reform the world.

It will readily be supposed that Lorraine took a different view of the case, and, after two or three lingering days, prepared to set forth in search of his intended and injured father-in-law. Farewell—it is a sorrowful word enough

at all times, never yet pronounced with indifference even by the indifferent: what then is its pain to those who love—to those whose eternity is the present? It is so very hard to exchange certainty for hope—to renounce to-day, in expectation of to-morrow. But that Beatrice had from the earliest period been accustomed to think of others' claims, not her own, she never could have resigned the lover who stood beside her for her distant father.

The dew shone like frost-work, as the sun touched the silvery leaves of the olive—every step left its trace on the grass, as Beatrice trod the little wood-path which led to the road her lover must pass. One moment she paused—it was so early, and a blush of feminine timidity rather than pride gave the colour of the morning to her cheek, as she thought—“If I should be first.” But Edward was at the old cork-tree before her. What could any lovers in the present day say, that has not been said before?—trees, rivers, sun and moon, have alike been called upon to register the vow they witnessed. These parted as all part; many a gentle promise, which rather satisfies itself than its hearer—many a lingering look—many a loitering step—and at last one sudden effort, expected

by neither, and all is over. Beatrice gasped for breath, as the trees hid Lorraine from her sight; there were two or three hurrying steps, as if they forced their speed; a rustling of the boughs, and all was still—even the beating of her heart. It was as if the whole world had lost the life which animated it, during the long, the melancholy day which followed. In partings, those who go know not half the suffering of those who stay. In the one case, occupation strengthens, and novelty engages the mind. Lorraine's journey necessarily, at times, diverted his attention. Sunshine and exercise are equally good for the spirits; besides, at night, fatigue made him sleep; however, he dreamt about Beatrice a good deal, and, like Caliban, wished to dream more. She, on the contrary, was left to utter and unamused loneliness, and to small daily duties, distasteful from interrupting those dreaming moods in which strong feeling loves to indulge. Well, I do not know how it may be in the next world, but most assuredly that sex denominated by poets the softer, and by philosophers the weaker part of creation, have the worst of it in this.

CHAPTER VI.

“ I do not often talk much.”

Henry VIII.

“ Why weep ye by the tide, lady ?

Why weep ye by the tide ?

I'll find ye anither luvè,

And ye sall be his bride.”

Scots Song.

“ THE ancients referred melancholy to the mind, the moderns make it matter of digestion — to either case my plan applies,” said Lady Mandeville. “ I am melancholy, or, in plain prose, have a headach, to-day ; therefore I propose putting in execution our long-talked-of visit to the convent of St. Valerie : if of the mind, contemplation will be of service,—if of the nerves, a ride will be equally beneficial.”

“ How charming is divine philosophy !

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,”

replied Mr. Spenser.

“ You are improving,” returned Lady Mandeville. “ I dare-say by the time your cousin, Helen Morland, is able to appreciate compli-

ments, you will be able to pay them in 'good set terms.'"

How very unpleasant a few words can contrive to be! It was very disagreeable to be reminded of his cousin. Though Mr. Morland was the last man in the world to have acted on such a wish, Cecil was aware of his uncle's desire to see his favourite nephew and his daughter united. Now, for his very life could he picture Helen but as he last saw her—a very pretty child, whose canary was an important object. It was also very disagreeable to perceive that Lady Mandeville was not in his interests, aware as he was of her influence over Emily. For, what with a little absence—an absence passed in solitude and exaggeration—and a little opposition, enough to excite, but not enough to deter—an adventure romantic enough to make falling in love almost matter of necessity—with all these together, young Spenser had *progressed* considerably in his attachment.

Emily was very pretty, with a quiet gentleness that left much to the imagination, and also a sweetness which was a good beginning for it to work upon. Besides, though attached to Lorraine with all the depth and earnestness

of first love — which, after all, is the only one that has those high ideal qualities ascribed to love—she could not be always “sadly thinking” of him. She thought of him whenever she saw any thing beautiful in art or nature — love links itself with the lovely : she thought of him when she sang the songs he had liked, or that she thought he would like : when they spoke of affection before her, it ever recalled her own : she turned the page of the poet as the mirror, which gave back her feelings : in short, she thought of him when she was sick, sullen, or sorry. Still, there were times when the natural gladness of youth burst into mirthfulness, and

“ Her brow belied her, if her heart was sad.”

At such times Cecil was quite sure he was in love. Constancy is made up of a series of small inconstancies, which never come to any thing ; and the heart takes credit for its loyalty, because in the long-run it ends where it began. I doubt whether the most devoted fidelity would bear strict examination as to the short repose even the most entire fealty permits itself.

Lady Mandeville, if not the keeper of Emily's conscience, took some care of her constancy. She had quite made up her mind, that a mar-

riage between Miss Arundel and Mr. Lorraine was the most eligible thing in the world for both parties; and when a mind is once made up, it is very tiresome to have to unmake it. No wonder Edward had hitherto escaped heart-whole. She even exaggerated the taste whose delicacy was refined almost to fastidiousness; but that very taste would be in favour of the great improvement which had taken place in Emily. Lady Mandeville did full justice to it, and a little more—for it was her own work. Like most persons whose vivid imagination applies itself to actual things, instead of abstract creations, she gave a reality to her schemes that seemed to make failure an impossibility; and having once settled that Emily would be very happy with Lorraine, it was an absolute impossibility to allow her to be happy with any one else.

Lorraine was a great favourite—Spenser was not. The indolence which Cecil had rather permitted than indulged—for, Heaven knows, it was no indulgence at all—had at first prevented his offering that homage to which she was accustomed; and now, when he did offer it, it was marked, suspected. His admiration of Emily interfered with her arrangement; and the

very circumstance of Lord Mandeville's encouraging him was any thing but an advantage : a woman must be an angel to endure being worsted in domestic tactics. Not that Lady Mandeville enacted the part of confidant—

“ Cato's a proper person to intrust a love-tale with ; ”

besides Emily's feelings were quite deep enough for silence. But Lorraine's memory was kept alive by slight recurrences to his opinions, and frequent allusions to the chances of meeting him. However, bright sunshine and a rapid drive did a great deal for the good humour or spirits, whichever you like to consider it, of the party on their way to St. Valerie.

All convents built in what we call the dark ages, shew singular good taste in the selection of their various situations ; if there was a fine view to be had, their site usually commanded it.

The convent of St. Valerie was on the very summit of a small hill, whose abruptness added to its height. A thick copsewood of dwarf oaks, intermixed with one or two slender chestnuts, covered the side even to the sea, from which it was separated by a narrow slip of smooth sand, over which, in a calm day, the

small waves broke in scattered foam, something like the swelling of the unquiet human heart. The other side of the hill, whether from nature, or art of days so long past as to seem nature now, was much less steep, and, if more luxuriantly, was less thickly wooded, and with trees of larger size and more varied sorts. Through these wound a very tolerable road.

The convent was a white building, with a chapel of great antiquity, and gardens of much beauty. The last notes of the anthem were dying into tremulous silence as they entered, and a long black train of dark and veiled figures were gliding through an opposite portal, whose massive doors closed heavily, almost hopelessly, on them. At the upper end, raised by a single step from the other pavement, stood a statue of the Virgin—one of those exquisite conceptions to which an artist has given the beauty of genius developed by the labour of a life—one of those forms, which the modeller may frame, and then die.

Sculpture never seems to me like the representation of human life: its forms—pale, pure, and cold—have the shape, not the likeness, of our nature. I always personify a spirit as a statue. Paintings, however idealised as to

beauty, still give the bright eye, the rosy cheek, the glossy hair, we see daily. Portraits are but the mirrors of lovely countenances. Sculpture is the incarnation of beings whose state seems higher, because calmer, than our own. The divinities of Greece owed half their divinity to the noble repose with which their sculptors invested them. The characteristic of the picture is passion—that of the statue, power.

From the chapel the party proceeded across the court to the garden, except Emily. Like all persons whose feelings are awakened through the imagination, Emily was peculiarly susceptible of outward impressions. She lingered in the chapel, watching the cold gray light—for the windows fronting the north let in daylight, but not sunshine—the white floor only marked by inscriptions whose worn letters told that the living trod over the dead—the white walls, where the carved tablets were also sacred to the memory of the departed. The extreme silence oppressed her with a sense rather of sadness than of calm. She looked on the tombs, and thought how they had been wept over. She held her breath, to be more deeply conscious of the stillness; and the beating of

her heart seemed to remind her how little part she had in such quiet.

Some slight chance usually rivets the attention: it did so now. On one of the tablets were inscribed various names of an apparently large family, the dates of the different deaths singularly near to each other. Emily felt as if her own solitary situation had never weighed upon her thoughts till now. "Many are kind to me, but none care for me." Youth, with its affection an impulse and a delight, judges others by itself, and exaggerates its claims.

Strange it is that people (unless in the way of ostentation) never value the blessings they possess. But if life has a happiness over which the primeval curse has passed and harmed not, it is the early and long-enduring affection of blood and habit. The passion which concentrates its strength and beauty upon one, is a rich and terrible stake, the end whereof is death;—the living light of existence is burnt out in an hour—and what remains? The dust and the darkness. But the love which is born in childhood—an instinct deepening into a principle—retains to the end something of the freshness belonging to the hour of its birth: the amusement partaken—the trifling

quarrel made up—the sorrows shared together—the punishment in which all were involved—the plans for the future, so fairy-tale-like and so false, in which all indulged: so true it is that love's slightest links are its strongest!

There is something inexpressibly touching in the story of Ishmael, the youth who was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and his arrow, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." Even in our crowded, busy, and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced! What love makes allowances like household love?—what takes an interest in small sorrows and small successes like household love? God forgive those (and I would not even say forgive, were not Divine mercy illimitable,) who turn the household altar to a place of strife! Domestic dissension is the sacrilege of the heart.

Emily looked on the death-stone, and thought only of her uncle—he who had been to her as a father—a father in early kindness—in allowance for failings—in anxiety for her future—delight in her present—to whose affection she owed gratitude a thousand times beyond that due for "the bitter boon, our birth." Grati-

tude, forsooth!—it ought rather to ask forgiveness. She remembered how her childhood had grown up into youth, how happily!—recalled her first leaving home—then it was that she turned a new leaf in the book of life. She thought over her disappointment at first, her after brief enjoyment—her eyes opening at once to love and sorrow. How much had happened since then!—how much of mortification, how many vain hopes had flowered and then fallen! And yet her heart was still feverish with vague anticipation. With a sick, sad foreboding she thought of returning to England—to Edward Lorraine's country—but not with joy. Emily seemed to herself to have no longer spirits for hope. The quiet of the grave was scarcely too deep for her present mood.

At this moment the stillness of the chapel itself was broken “by a confusion of tongues.” First, a coarse and corporeal laugh—that which rises loud at a practical joke; a smaller, shrill, and undecided one—of the sort with which young ladies reply to a compliment equally above their merits and comprehension; also a foreign tongue, like “Iser, rolling rapidly;” and a drawling, yet dictatorial voice, loud above the rest, evidently patronising the prospect:—these

“ did overload the air.” In came the family party, the Higgs’s. Mrs. Higgs instantly knew Emily. “ Lord, lord, miss, who would have thought of our meeting in these here outlandish parts ! ”

Emily recognised her companion of the steam-boat, and replied with a good-natured inquiry, asking how she liked Italy ?

First glancing round to see whether she was observed — a needless precaution, Mr. Higgs, “ her eldest hope,” having put himself into a position (even on paper we cannot call it an attitude) of enthusiasm before the statue of the Madonna—while the two daughters were assuring an Italian count, as they called him, that they should like monstrously to be nuns, and he, as in duty bound, dwelt upon the loss which the world would thereby sustain:—“ Like Italy ? ” said Mrs. Higgs — “ not I ; I hav’n’t had a meal fit for a Christian this three months. Why, Lord love you ! they are as dirty as ducks — you know what dirty animals ducks are — they’ll eat any thing — not but what they are very good roasted, but it’s all the difference being dead and alive.”

“ A very just distinction,” said Emily, while her companion paused to take breath and a peppermint lozenge.

“ You should go into the kitchens here,” resumed Mrs. Higgs. Poor woman! her daughters never allowed her to talk, for fear of her disgracing them—so, as she herself used to observe, a little rational conversation did her good. “ You’ve no notion of the dirt, or you’d never eat nothing: but dear, dear! I dare-say you don’t take on about these things yet—you must when you’re married. I mind what the Bible says, ‘ a virtuous woman’s a crown to her husband ’—many a crown have I saved mine. Not that Mr. Higgs need look after a pound even, now—but, as I tell my girls, it is as well to lay up for a rainy day.”

“ Have you seen Rome?” asked Miss Arundel.

“ Bless you! there was nothing to see—not a shop fit to spend a penny in—and as to comfort, they hav’n’t a notion of it. Bob there—I mean Mr. Robert Higgs—has such a taste for the fine arts—he didn’t inherit it from me, though—that he would make us go poking about all the great cold rooms to see picturs and statures. As for those poor statures, they always set me shivering—they look so like human creaturs froze to death: I am sure, had I been at home, I would have got up a subscription for some cheap flannel for them.

You may get very good flannel to give away for sixpence a-yard at the Lunnun Emporium. But, Lord! Lord! one might as well be out of the world as out of Lunnun."

"You have stayed longer on the Continent than you intended."

"It was all on Carry's account—she would go sailing on the lake—what do ye call it?—bless my old head! it never remembers them foreign names—with a friend of ours, Mr. Simcoe—a very nice young man, but melancholic-like—and, being a great poet, he never knew what he was doing just at the time. You know, Miss, genuses are never like nobody but themselves. Carry and he were very sweet upon each other; and as his father was a comfortable man, and could afford to make his son a gentleman, Mr. Higgs and I thought his son's genus would wear off—and young people needn't be crossed in love when there's money on both sides—so Carry and he used to make a deal of love to each other. Poor fellur! he wrote her halbum all full of such beautiful verses—and she used to plait her hair, and dress, and do all sorts of things, to please him. She always used to wear a veil, for he could not abide a bonnet—he said it was so unpoetical-like.

Well, well — to make short of a sad story — one evening they would go on the lake, though there was a great big black cloud coming up ; but Mr. Simcoe said it would be just like the *Coase-hair*, or *Courser*, or some such name, and spouted some poetry — which, after the sad accident, Mr. Higgs and I learnt by heart, as a warning to our young friends. But, somehow, we never, though we took a world of pains, could remember more than the first two or three lines — for we are too old to begin our schooling over again, and we were neither of us any great shakes at book learning — but two lines will do for an example — a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse." So saying, Mrs. Higgs repeated the following lines in a most Sunday-school tone :—

“ Ay, let the vild vinds vhistle o'er the deck,
So that them arms cling closer round my neck :
The deepest murmur of this mouth shall be,
No sigh for safeness, but a prayer for thee.”

Here Mrs. Higgs's voice sank into “ tears and forgetfulness.” “ It isn't, Miss, so much want of memory, as that I am overtaken by my feelings. But, Miss, before I go on with my story, you musn't think nothing of the arms

round the neck, because that was only in poetry — you may be pretty sure I should never have allowed no young man whatsoever to take such a liberty with my daughter. I just name this, because, if I did not explain, it might be bad for poor Carry's next chance."

Emily instantly assured the confiding but careful mother, that she entertained no doubts of Miss Caroline Higgs's perfect propriety of conduct; and Mrs. Higgs resumed her narrative.

"Well, into the boat they got. Mr. Simcoe was quite a sailor. I remember he told us he had been on seven-and-twenty parties of pleasure to Richmond. They did look so nice—my daughter had on her best green silk and a white lace veil (real thread) thrown over her head. Mr. S. had a large straw hat, and striped jacket and trousers, and his shirt fastened at the throat by a broach with Carry's hair, for he was always quite above wearing a neckcloth. Dear, dear, they went away singing,

'Oh, come to me as soon as daylight sits;'

and well, Miss—the boat upset. Mr. Simcoe (poor Benjamin—as we have called him since—he never could abide it during his lifetime) was

drowned ; and my daughter was brought home wet to the skin, and all the colour gone out of her green silk — quite spoilt.”

Here Mrs. Higgs paused for a moment, and drew out a huge red pocket-handkerchief, with which her face was for some minutes confounded. Emily, really shocked, remained silent, till her companion, who found talking very efficacious for her complaints, went on again.

“ Besides all her sorrow, Carry had caught cold ; for she had been in the water, only had got picked up by a boat that was passing, and she was very ill : so, as I said before, she has been the cause of our staying in these here foreign parts. The doctors said the climate was so mild. I am sure we should have been a deal warmer in our own parlour, with a good coal fire, and carpets and curtains. Here, all you can get is a little charcoal in a box—for all the world like a warming-pan, without a handle, and with holes in the top. We’ve had no Christmas pudding — the boys have been left at school — and people may talk what they please about sunshine and Italy: my say is, that a winter in Rome is no joke.”

Emily duly sympathised with her ; but, re-

remembering the laughing she had witnessed, could not resist asking, "If Miss Higgs had got over her disappointment?"

"O Lord, yes! it was five months ago. You know a new nail always drives out an old one. Carry got another lover: he didn't, however, turn out very well, for he hadn't sixpence; and, of course, our eldest daughter couldn't have nothing to say to him. But it served to divert her from the thoughts of her grief; and we can look out for a proper husband when we get home; and that's one great reason why I wants to get back to the Square. Carry isn't so young as you'd think: but, bless me, she'd cut my tongue out if she thought I was talking about her age. You won't say nothing about it, will you?"

Emily vowed all imaginable discretion. Mrs. Higgs, who had not enchanted with her discourse any listener's ear so long for many a day, felt, as she herself expressed it, the very cockles of her heart warm towards her pretty and patient listener.

"I hope, my dear, I shall see you in Fitzroy Square: I won't make small beer of you, I can tell you. We'll get up a bit of a dance for you, for we know lots of nice young men."

A cold shiver ran over Emily at the very idea of Mrs. Higgs's "nice young men." Her son at that moment came up, by way of a specimen. "By Jove, mother, we thought we had lost you! rather a large loss that would have been." Seeing that the cause of her lingering was, however, a lady, and one who was both pretty and young, Mr. Robert Higgs, who was an admirer, or, to use his own favourite phrase, "always the humble servant of the ladies," thought, to employ another of his little peculiarities of speech, "his company would be as good as his place;" and, with that quiet, comfortable conviction of his own merits, which sets a man most and soonest at ease, he coolly addressed Miss Arundel:—"Quite, as our great bard says,

' Like patience on a tombstone shivering with sorrow.'

Beautiful lines those of Byron. Don't you admire him, ma'am?"

Mr. R. Higgs considered poetry an infallible topic with young ladies. Emily, however, did not feel that the courteous attention which his mother's age made in her eyes indispensable, at all necessary to be extended to her very forward son.

Mr. Higgs only thought—"Poor thing, dare-say she never heard of Byron — knows nothing of poetry — I've been too deep for her;" and forthwith commenced on a lighter subject.

"So, this is a nunnery. I wonder, ma'am, how you'd like to be a nun! — shut up — not allowed to see one of our perjured sex — I suspect you'd be a little dull!"

At this moment Mr. Spenser entered. "I am sent, Miss Arundel, in search of you."

Emily took his arm with a readiness which enchanted Cecil, and left the chapel, bowing civilly to Mrs. Higgs, who, accustomed to her daughter's eternal flirtations, thought she might hold her peace as soon as a young man came, and had from her son's entrance been silent.

"A very plain and vulgar young woman that," said Mr. Robert; "but you always are picking up such horrid people."

"Lord, I thought her such a very pretty-spoken young lady!"

"Well, I don't; and you know I am a bit of a judge. But, come, let's join my sisters, and be jogging home. I feel very peckish — I made but a poor breakfast."

"Dear, dear, we shall have no dinners worth eating till we get to England. I quite long for

our good Sunday smell of a piece of roast-beef and a Yorkshire pudding.”

The feeling, says some writer, which turns in absence to our native country, is one of the finest in our nature. True; but it takes many forms. One exile sighs after the fair meadows of England, and another after its mutton.

CHAPTER VII.

“ You would say something that is sad—Speak !”

* * * *

“ I'll come by Naples.”

SHAKESPEARE.

BUT we must again return to Spain, where a new subject of anxiety diverted Beatrice's attention—her mother's illness. She had soon not a moment she could call her own. Poor Donna Margaretta's situation was the more pitiable, as she both suffered and complained like a child. The remedies her case required it was next to impossible to induce her to take. One day she would be in the strong and angry excitement of fever, the next in the fretful despondency of ague. Now she would, even with tears, ask for the wine and food most hurtful, and then turn with loathing from her needful nourishment. With some difficulty, by appealing to his humanity, an old medical practitioner, from the nearest town, was pre-

vailed on to visit them; thus doing for pity what he had refused to do for interest.

“My good child,” said the old man, after seeing his patient, “I might have staid at home; the poor lady is far beyond all human assistance—a little care and a little kindness is all she will want on this side the grave—just let her do what she likes.”

It was late, and he hurried to mount his mule, but not till—for his heart was touched by her desolate and deserted condition—not till he had told Beatrice he would always be glad to render her any service. Whether Donna Margaretta connected any vague idea with the stranger, or whether it was the mere instinct of weakness, it is impossible to tell, but from that day a strange terror of death fell upon her; she could not bear to be left for a moment—she would wake in the night and implore Beatrice piteously to save her. This impression was, however, as transitory as it was violent. As she grew weaker, she grew calmer and more affectionate. She would lean her head for hours on Beatrice’s shoulder, only now and then applying to her some childish and endearing epithet. She was soon too much reduced to leave her bed; they used to raise her head with pillows, and

Beatrice would sit beside, her arm round her neck ; and her poor mother seemed, like a child, happy in being soothed and caressed. There is mercy in affliction ; Donna Margareta's memory could only have awakened to sorrow, and she died without a pang or a struggle, so quietly, that Beatrice, in whose embrace she lay, thought it was sleep. Wishing to wake her at her usual hour for refreshment, she kissed her — the chill of the lips made her shudder — she leant over them for a minute — the breath had passed away for ever.

Donna Margareta's death was a blessing, but Beatrice could not think so at the time ; her few objects for affection had made that affection proportionably intense. She had lost the only being she could serve—the only one to whom her care and kindness were of value—and we all know how they endear the objects on which they are bestowed—the whole business of her life was gone.

Perhaps the worst pang of death is the burial. One touch of human weakness mingled with the young Spaniard's sorrow. She was proud—very proud of her high and noble birth. A hundred chiefs of her blood slept in the chapel of San Francisco. But since the confiscation

of her father's property, the house adjoining it in the town, besides being a day's journey distant, was turned into a military depôt. She had no choice—her mother's tomb must be the green grass of the village burying-place. With added sorrow she had her interred there by torch-light—herself sole mourner. It was a relief to be unwitnessed. The two peasants who had assisted returned to the village—old Pedro and the negro, one of whom still retained his torch, attended Beatrice home—she followed the light mechanically. The agony with which she had watched the body laid in the earth—that fearful shudder which follows the falling of the mould on the coffin—the pressing down of the grass sods, as if the dead were conscious of their weight and soil—all this had subsided into stupor. She felt that strange disbelief in its reality that always succeeds violent grief.

Weak creatures that we are, for the body to overcome the mind as it does! Beatrice slept that night long and soundly—the bitterness of sorrow, affection, and anxiety, sank beneath fatigue. The awakening after such sleep is one of the most dreadful moments in life. A consciousness of something terrible is upon even the first sensation—a vague idea of the truth

comes like the remembrance of a dream ; involuntarily the eyes close, as if to shut it out—the head sinks back on the pillow, as if to see whether another dream would not be a happier one. A gleam of light, a waving curtain, rouses the sleeper ; the truth, the whole terrible truth, flashes out—and we start up as if we never could dream again.

In losing her mother, Beatrice lost her great employment—to provide her with small indulgences, and such amusements as she could enjoy, had been a sweet and constant study. The homely associations of life are its tenderest. No tears were more bitter than those Beatrice shed over the beautiful purple grapes which she had so carefully dried for her parent. One consolation she had—a little English Bible became the chief companion of her lonely hours.

Don Henriquez had much of that indifference to religion too often termed liberality. The bigotted beliefs of his native creed were the last he ever thought of impressing. Their country-house stood entirely by itself, and the few priests who passed that way belonged to mendicant orders. Beatrice, with the generosity inherent in her nature, readily filled their scrips ; and the friars were not very anxious

about the principles of one whose actions were so truly catholic. But it was impossible for a girl who lived in the solitude of nature, and who had been early tried by sorrow, not to be religious.

There are some works of God which most especially seem the work of his hands, and some ills of humanity which seem most of all to ask aid from above. The mighty gathering of the storms on her native mountains—the thunder that shook the earth—and the lightning that in an hour laid bare the depths of the forest which had stood still and shadowy for years—the starry silence of the summer nights—the mystery of the large and bright planets, filled the young heart that was lifted up by their beauty with deep and solemn thoughts. Again, her desolate situation—the dangers beyond her ability to foresee or to avoid, made her at once feel her nothingness and her need of protection. The holy page, read at first for its beauty, was soon resorted to for its power. Beatrice dwelt on the gentle promises made to the afflicted, and the words of encouragement spoken to the simple, till hope rose strong within her, and grew to be that clear and steady light “which hideth not its face in the time of trouble.” Beatrice was a genuine Christian, if

entire trust, deep humility, and earnest conviction, could make one. True, the Bible was almost the only religious book she had ever read, but she had indeed read it with all her heart.

She was leaning over the sacred volume one night, when a dark shadow fell upon the very lines she was reading. Beatrice looked up, and saw a man standing before her; the huge sombrero overshadowed his face, but the light of the lamp shone on a large and glittering knife in his girdle. She started from her seat; but mastering her fear in a moment, she stood, and, calmly facing the stranger, inquired his errand. The man laughed.

“Your father need not be ashamed of you; but if you had been frightened, it would have been at nothing.”

“My father!” exclaimed Beatrice; “is he safe?”

“Safe enough, if he will but keep quiet; but I bring a note from him, and you had better read that than question me. I am not over-safe in these quarters myself. I have kept faith with him—mind that when you see your father.”

Laying a soiled and crumpled letter on the table, the smuggler turned to depart.

“ Is there nothing you will have—nothing that I can do to shew my gratitude ? ”

“ I doubt,” said the man, “ whether your cellar be worth my risking a capture for its contents.”

“ At least,” exclaimed Beatrice, “ take this;” and she poured the contents of her purse into his hand.

“ Four—five—six gold pieces ! ” replied he, hesitatingly — “ I have been paid.”

“ Take them as a gift, and God bless you for the happiness you have brought me.”

“ A free gift !—many thanks to you, lady.”

A slight sound—it was but the wind in the vine-branches—startled the man ; he laid his hand on his knife, and darted through the casement ; in less than a minute all was as silent as before. Eagerly Beatrice opened the letter—it was from her father, and ran thus :

“ My beloved child,—The iron hand of despotism has quenched the last spark of liberty ; hunted down like a wild beast, I am watching an opportunity to fly my degraded and enslaved country. Some far and foreign land must henceforth be the home of the unfortunate exile. Will my Beatrice soothe and share her parent’s

ill-starred lot? I am hastening to Naples—you know the address on the packet. I shall be at Senhor Pachetti's—join me there, if possible, with your poor mother. I know this will require equal presence of mind and exertion—surely I may expect both in a daughter of mine? Come with all the speed you can; I doubt not to be there before you; and shall be impatient, in the happiness of the father to forget the wrongs of the patriot. God keep you, my sweet child.

“Your affectionate father,

“HENRIQUEZ DE LOS ZORIDOS.

“Burn this letter instantly.”

Beatrice kissed the scroll, and held it over the lamp—it was too wet with her tears to burn rapidly. “Your poor mother!”—and must their first meeting be embittered by words of death? But she was too young to dwell only on the sorrow; her heart beat hurriedly and joyfully as she thought that her father and Lorraine must inevitably meet. Her first impulse was to make every effort to reach Naples, but calmer deliberation induced her to renounce this plan. Love increases a woman's timidity—the more she thought of Edward,

the more did she shrink from so long and unprotected a journey. It cost her a sleepless night; but she resolved on staying in Spain till she either saw or heard from him—he and Don Henriquez, when they met, would decide on what course it might be best to pursue.

We waste a great deal of thought. As is usual in all cases of long deliberation, she did precisely the reverse of what she intended. The following afternoon she was wandering round what had been her mother's garden—all her life's sweetest associations were there—when she saw a peasant approaching. Alvarez was the soldier who had so attracted Lorraine's attention the first evening he rode into the village, and during his stay he had found a home beneath his roof;—Alvarez, too, had served under her father: a visit from him was, therefore, nothing uncommon; but to-day there was an appearance of haste and anxiety that augured any thing but good. Yet he hesitated; and a basket of pomegranates he brought from his little Minora, were evidently the ostensible, not the real cause of his coming.

“The Senhora must find the old house very lonely.”

“Lonely and sad enough, indeed, my good Alvarez.”

“ Is she not afraid, now that the nights are so long and dark—has nothing occurred to alarm the Senhora lately ? ”

“ We have nothing to lose—we leave fear to the rich—besides, I am a soldier’s daughter ; do you allow Minora to tremble at either robbers or ghosts ? ”

“ But, lady, have you seen no one about the house whose appearance was calculated to excite suspicion ? ”

“ I have seen no one to excite dread,” replied Beatrice, with a slight accent on the last word.

“ Pardon, lady, but was there a stranger about your house last night ? ”

Beatrice started—had her father’s messenger been seen ? to-day it could be of no avail, and distrust might bring on the very danger she would fain avoid.

“ There was, Alvarez ; from you I need not hide that he came from my father.”

“ My brave captain !—is he safe ? ”

“ Safe, but now watching for an opportunity for flight.”

“ Now, the saints help us, not in this neighbourhood ? ”

“ Far away, but where, even I know not.”

“ I will tell you all, Senhora. Pedro rushed in

last night to the cottage where they sell wine, in a fright at some dark figure he had seen hovering about. I had my own thoughts, and, by old stories of his early cowardice, raised a laugh, and hoped the dark figure was forgotten. But there were others besides ourselves—two strangers, whose business here has puzzled us all; they left this morning; and from what they said at parting, the old house will be filled with soldiers before midnight. The idea is abroad that Don Henriquez has sought shelter here.”

“Thank God it is not so,” gasped his daughter.

“Are there any papers of importance?”

“None—none.”

“Then, lady, collect any valuables you can hastily, and prepare for a retreat with me. Your arrest was spoken of—and you know rough measures are used when a secret is in the case.”

The thoughts of torture, imprisonment, separation from all she loved, made Beatrice’s heart die within her—almost helplessly she clung to the old man’s arm. She loved, and to her life now was valuable.

“Nay, nay, my poor girl, you must not want

the courage you had as a child. I have a plan. You have heard me tell of the cave where Minora and her brother were concealed : it is a good hiding-place yet. Meet me in an hour by the three ilexes in the wood, and I will answer for your security."

" But my nurse and Pedro " —

" Do not, like you, incur danger. Don Henriquez would confide in his daughter, but not in servants whose characters for gossip the whole neighbourhood can swear to—leave them in ignorance : a secret brings its own risk, and their safety is insured by their anxiety. An hour hence at the three ilexes."

Alvarez went off without waiting for an answer. It is the luxury of parting, to wander round places haunted by our childish steps and hallowed by our childish thoughts, and to loiter beneath the old trees where we have not always stood alone. But this was no luxury for Beatrice. She caught a handful of late rose-leaves, and hid them in the folds of her dress — she turned one last look on the fountain—she could not have looked again for the world.

On returning to the house, her nurse asking her the simple question of what she was to do with the promegranates, smote on her heart

with a new and bitter feeling of deception. Hastily she collected together the few articles of value left: a chain of gold, a little ruby cross, her English Bible, and the unbroken sum of pistoles she had collected for her former journey. Fortunately, she met none of its other inmates as she left the house — she must have betrayed her purpose.

It was at least three miles to the ilexes, but she proceeded with a light fleet step, and gained the appointed place. It was too late to retire unperceived, when she caught sight of the white veil of a female.

Her anxiety was but for a moment — the girl turned, and there was all the encouragement of youth, health, and good spirits, in the bright black eyes of Minora.

“ My father thought my absence would be less marked than his — so, if you will, Senhora, I am to be your guide to the poor old cave. Garcia and I were very happy there.”

A narrow, almost imperceptible path led them through the thickest of the wood. Two or three times they had to creep under boughs which, but for the ease with which they gave way, would seem never to have admitted a passage before. Suddenly the trees were broken

by some masses of gray rock, round which dwarf myrtles grew in great profusion.

Here Minora stopped, and took from her basket a little lamp made of horn. Striking fire from some flints laid ready, she lighted the lamp; and, giving Beatrice the basket, bade her follow her. Lifting up a heavy and luxuriant branch of the myrtle, she shewed what seemed the rough bare rock beneath; and asking her companion to hold the lamp also, with both hands she raised a large slanting stone—it shewed a passage, into which Beatrice entered with some difficulty, together with her companion.

Minora first carefully replaced the myrtle-branch, then the stone, and, taking the basket, bade Beatrice proceed along the passage, which was too narrow to admit of more than one at a time. This soon terminated in an open space, from which branched off several small paths. Minora now took the lead. “You will observe,” said she, holding the lamp to the ground, “that the passage we take has a slight redness in the sand—the others lead to nothing.”

A short while brought them to the cave itself. By the lamp was dimly visible their own figures, and what seemed the immense

depths of surrounding darkness. There was a sound as if of falling water. Minora first turned to a pile of wood, and, with Beatrice's aid, a very brilliant fire soon illuminated the cavern. It looked more comfortable than picturesque: the walls and roof were blackened with smoke—the floor was of a light dry sand—at one end was a huge arch, down which water kept constantly trickling, and beneath was a deep well, by the side of which was a ledge of rock, where any person might walk—beyond it was quite dark.

“There is a passage, but it terminates in a piece of water, and the rock soon comes so low that there is no getting beyond it; and though the smugglers do come here still, this is not now their time—and you are as safe here as in the Escorial.”

Minora heaped fresh fuel on the fire, and shewed where some heath and dried goat-skins formed a very respectable bed; while her companion sighed to remember that she herself had once resorted to a similar expedient. Next she lighted some half-a-dozen fir-wood splinters—excellent torches, for whose support some rude wooden stands had been inserted in the walls—and pointed out in a recess a most ample supply.

“ Be sure you keep a good fire; and, as I may do you more harm than good by staying, I leave you to take what food you please from the basket. There’s some honey, as clear as my own amber beads. The good Madonna keep you, Senhora !” and, affectionately kissing Beatrice’s hands, the kind peasant departed.

Beatrice paced up and down her dreary cave, every moment starting from her reverie, as the sound of the falling water startled her like a strange step. With a strong effort she calmed herself, and, drawing one of the wooden seats to the fire, opened the little volume, and read till all vain terrors had departed, and even her natural anxiety was soothed into patient and sweet reliance on Him who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unheeded.

She had a little French watch, Lorraine’s only gift. He had said, laughingly, to her the last evening they spent together, “ You shall have this to count the hours of my absence.” He did not think how sweet a companion it would be. Time, which we have no means of reckoning, is so dreadfully long. How often, that night, did Beatrice refer, with a warm feeling of society, to the little glittering face over

which the hours were passing! The weariest time of all seemed the morning after she rose. It was impossible to fix her attention on any thing, while every moment expecting some intelligence from without. At last she heard footsteps, and Minora came running before her father.

“ Ah, Senhora, we have been so anxious about you! If it had been possible I would have returned and spent the night with you; for we said, to a stranger our good cave will seem a little dreary. How did you sleep? See — we have brought you some breakfast. I have some chocolate to-day.”

“ Many thanks for your intended breakfast; but, truly, your yesterday’s supply was sufficient. If I had expected visitors, I could have feasted them in my cavern. But my nurse and Pedro?” —

“ Are well, and in our cottage. As I expected, the soldiers came down, and” — here Alvarez made the usual pause of narrators who have something unpleasant to tell. It usually happens that people by breaking, as they call it, their bad news gradually, contrive to add suspense to our other miseries.

“ What has happened?” said Beatrice, gasping for breath.

“The fine old house, lady, it has been burned to the ground.”

Beatrice struggled for a moment; but it was in vain. She hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. Strange the affection which clings to inanimate objects—objects which cannot even know our love! But it is not return that constitutes the strength of an attachment.

“They questioned your nurse,” said Alvarez, “till her poor head was even more bewildered than usual; but it was soon very evident she knew nothing of the matter. Pedro knew even less; and at last the officer let them go. ‘He would not have,’ he said, ‘the poor old creatures injured in any way.’ They were sent off to the village, and then the house was fired.”

“I am glad,” sighed Beatrice, “my father did not see it.”

“And now, Senhora, what is to be done about yourself? I have seen enough of you to know it is far best to tell you the truth. In about a week this cavern will be no refuge for you: its old occupants will be here. You will not be safe an hour in my cottage.”

“If,” exclaimed Beatrice, “I could but get to the sea-shore, and embark for Naples!”

“ Have you friends you could trust there ? You are very young, and ”—

“ I should find my father there.”

“ Very well—very good, indeed. We may get to the coast ; but to cross the wide sea, we know not whither, is a dreary look-out. Now, Senhora, you and Minora are of a height ; her clothes will suit you, and you must pass as my daughter for two days. I will go and see you on board myself. The neighbours trouble their heads very little about my outward journeyings. We will be off to-morrow.”

“ The kindness you have shewn me will, I hope, never be needed by your own child. Nothing can be better than your plan. I will not speak to you of trouble : I take your assistance as frankly as it is offered.”

“ You will have but a rough journey.”

“ Oh, never fear me ! I am mountain-bred.”

“ We will return home as fast as we can, Minora ; you must come back with what the Donna Beatrice can best wear on her journey—no fine colours—the dark-feathered bird flies safest. The saints keep you, Senhora ! Will you be ready to start by daybreak to-morrow ? ”

“ One word, good Alvarez. You see ”—pro-

ducing her purse — “ I am well provided for a journey.”

“ A good companion on travel ; and, to tell you the truth, Senhora, the one we most wanted.”

Again Beatrice was left to her loneliness, broken, however, by Minora’s afternoon visit. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The young peasant left the cave, happy in the possession of a rosary of cut coral beads, which, after much blushing, smiling, and refusing, she had at length been forced to accept. She was also depositary of the golden chain, the produce of whose sale was to be devoted to the nurse’s support.

That night was even longer than its predecessor. Anticipation is a bad sleeping draught. Moreover, the fear of being too late, made Beatrice continually start from her anxious slumber. Long before the time, she was up and dressed. Her new apparel consisted of a dark blue bodice and skirt, trimmed with a narrow red braid ; a white linen veil, and large cloak of black serge, with a capacious hood ; stockings of dark blue cloth—hempen sandals. A string of large black oaken beads completed her dress. Minora, with a true fellow-feeling, had placed

her own little mirror at the bottom of the basket; and, it must be owned, Beatrice did take a rather satisfactory glance. Even in the very worst of situations, no woman is quite insensible to her personal attractions, or would willingly look worse than she can help. Small attentions, too, are essentially womanly.

Beatrice hurried her own breakfast, that there might be no delay on her part, but prepared some of the chocolate for Alvarez, who was punctual to his time. "Why, I could almost take you for Minora," said the old man, on his entrance. "What! breakfast—and the chocolate made? Well, you know the old proverb, 'meat and drink never hindered journey.' Very good it is too—though I had breakfasted—for, with your leave, Senhora, we did not give you credit for being half so ready."

A soft gray tinge, half mist, half light, pale as it was, dazzled Beatrice's eyes when she emerged from the cave. Two mules were in waiting: she sprung lightly upon the one intended for her. At first cautiously—from the broken path—and afterwards at a brisk pace, they commenced their journey. Beatrice's own embarrassment was its only difficulty. Accustomed to live in such unbroken solitude, the sight of the many

strangers they met almost bewildered her. The light conversation in which Alvarez at times joined was like the language of another world. She fancied every person looked especially at her. How odd it is, that any secret or anxiety of which we are ourselves aware, we immediately think every one else suspects!

They arrived about noon at the sea-port, and alighted at a small inn, where Alvarez left her, with a rough charge, not to be staring about, under the care of a good-humoured but most talkative landlady. He had, at every place where they stopped, been as cross to his supposed daughter as a crabbed old gentleman could be, which served to account for her shyness, and for which he always begged pardon as soon as they were out of hearing. She waited a half hour of intolerable anxiety, when Alvarez returned. "Come, girl—I have found out your aunt—there, don't be looking behind—and draw your veil over your face. How slow you are!"

"Well, well," said the landlady, "he ought to take care of his daughter—she is pretty enough; but no good will come of his being so cross."

"We are very fortunate, Senhora," said Alvarez, as soon as they were in the street; "there is a felucca on the point of sailing to Naples—

I have secured a passage, but we must not lose a minute."

They had scarcely time to get on board. Dizzy with the motion of the water, confused with the noise, terrified to think she would be alone in a few minutes,—much as she wished to spare his anxiety, Beatrice could hardly force out her farewell thanks to Alvarez. Mechanically she watched him as he descended to the boat—heavily the sound of the oars smote upon her ear—she looked eagerly round, but every face was strange and careless: how bitterly did she feel that she was alone!

"I guess how it is," said the captain of the ship, whose kind and even sweet voice contrasted strongly with his rough appearance; "you are not the first who has found a canvass sail safer than a silken bed. Poor child! you look very young for care or hardship. Well, you are secure enough here: if we cannot make you comfortable, at least we will try. In half an hour you will have a snug little cabin to yourself."

Beatrice had early learnt the useful lesson of conforming to circumstances: she thanked the captain cheerfully, and readily took a seat on some piled baskets. "Give me the child to

hold," exclaimed our young Spaniard to a poor woman, whose increasing faintness made her terribly conscious of her inability and her charge. The poor creature murmured a few words, gave up the infant, and let her head sink on a coil of ropes. When the captain came to say that her cabin was ready, her first request was that her unfortunate companion might be conveyed thither also; and for some hours she most kindly and soothingly enacted the part of nurse to the child. Luckily for her, it was a good little sleepy thing. Over-fatigue and exhaustion were evidently the mother's causes of illness. Alvarez, even in the brief space of time he had been absent, had stocked a sea-chest with many little comforts and necessaries. She took some wine and a piece of biscuit, and with some difficulty induced the invalid to swallow them, who, after slumbering for about an hour, awoke much revived. With a degree of gratitude almost painful to receive, she soon joined Beatrice in doing due honour to some eggs and coffee, which the latter, who had already made friends with a boy, who, too young for much work, was yet proud of shewing his usefulness, had boiled.

A good action always meets its reward—so

says the copy-book: in this instance it said the truth—for Beatrice found her companion invaluable. She was the widow of a sailor, returning home to her friends at Naples. Active, and well known to the sailors, she enabled the young and timid voyager to remain almost entirely secluded in her cabin, which she never left save for a little air in the evening.

It would have done those good who talk of common feelings as evil and coarse, to mark the little attentions, the delicate kindness, with which the sailors cleared a path for her steps, or made a seat of planks and sails for the young Spanish exile. Alvarez had told her history truly. He judged rightly, because he judged others by the better part of his own nature. Yet it was a weary and sad voyage. Beatrice had never lived in luxury, but she had in refinement—the refinement of nature, solitude, and intellectual pursuits. She had dwelt in stately rooms, whose torn tapestries and shattered furniture were associated with noble and stirring memories; her lute, a few books, and gentle cares for her mother, had filled up her time. Her eyes had dwelt on the stately forest and the dark mountain; her step was accustomed to the silver dew and the

fragrant heath. She had been used to familiar faces, and had hitherto reckoned time but by the falling leaf or the opening flower. Now her room was a wretched cabin the size of a closet, and that, too, rudely formed of boards. The incessant noise, the loud voices, the savour of the pitch, which seemed to be part of every thing she touched—the strange faces, the faint sick feeling that perpetually stole over her, made her indeed pine for the wings of the dove that nestled in the trees of her native woods.

If it were not for romance, reality would be unbearable: nevertheless, they are very different things. Beatrice had often thought, with a passionate longing, of the eternal ocean, the mighty mirror of the stars and the sunshine of heaven—she had listened to the autumn wind sweeping the depths of the dark woods, and marvelled if its sound resembled the stormy murmur of the waves: but, now that she was at sea, most devoutly did she pray to be on shore, and wept with very delight when they saw land.

I doubt whether any minor on his travels, sleeping in his carriage on deck, secure of being awakened by his valet at the proper moment for being in ecstasies with the lovely bay of

Naples, ever approached its shore with greater indifference as to the prospect than Beatrice. She was much too agitated to observe it, and watched the crowd on the quay with mingled terror and anxiety. The idea that Lorraine might be among them was uppermost in her mind. A vague hope of her lover's presence is always floating in a woman's mind; and though Beatrice said she hoped to meet her father, she thought she might perhaps meet Edward too.

Her companion had promised to be her guide to Signor Pachetti's, who, she was somewhat surprised to learn, was a gold-beater on the Strada. Still, with the natural feeling of one who has lived in seclusion, it seemed impossible but that a crowd so immense must contain those she sought. With brief but earnest thanks she quitted the felucca, and her last few coins were left with the sailors of the boat. Clinging to, rather than leaning on, the arm of the woman with her, Beatrice's head swam with the confusion of meeting so many eyes. With what envy did she see her companion rush into the arms of an old man!—“*il mio padre,*” exclaimed she, and gave him the child. Some hasty words passed between them, and in a few moments they were traversing a narrow

street which led to the Strada, and soon stopped at a small, mean-looking shop.

Taking leave of her kind companions, who seemed very reluctant to go in, Beatrice entered alone. A harsh voice, in an unfamiliar language, demanded her business. How strange does another tongue sound in our ears! Though perfectly acquainted with Italian, the question was thrice repeated before she comprehended its meaning. Glancing hurriedly around, to ascertain if they were alone, she approached the thin, miserable-looking being whose figure began to emerge from the surrounding darkness; she leant forward, and, in a whisper, pronounced the pass-word taught by her father. The old man hastily pulled down his spectacles from their sinecure office on his forehead, and looked at her with an expression of most angry amazement. "Now, the good St. Januarius help me! but it is my opinion that all the world are gone mad. Women and mischief, women and mischief—when were they ever separate?"

"I shall trouble you but little," said Beatrice, her pride and her presence of mind rising together: "I am the daughter of Don Henriquez de los Zoridos: my father is here, I believe, and it is at his bidding that I have come."

“ Don Henriquez here!—no, indeed: evil was the hour that ever I listened to any of his wild schemes! Why, the insurrection he went to head, and which was to change the whole face of affairs in Spain, was blown away like a swarm of musquitos. Zoridos has, I dare say, been killed—I have heard nothing of him—I know nothing about him.”

“ A fortnight,” said Beatrice, “ has not elapsed since I heard from my father: he appointed to meet me here, as at the house of one who knew his secrets and held his property.”

“ Property!” said the man hastily, and with a more civil manner—“ I never denied it—I am a safe person to trust. So the Don has escaped? I hope he’s by this time sick of conspiracies. One wax taper, two wax tapers, to the good Saint Januarius, to set me free of these luckless Carbonari! No good comes of change. How has the world gone on so long, if every thing needs altering now? But you, Senhora, what do you want with me?”

“ Protection in a strange city till my father’s arrival—or till I can hear from my friends. Fear not that Don Henriquez will spare his reward.”

“ Well, if this is not too bad!”

But what the new speaker, a woman, thought too bad, was not destined to be expressed at this moment; for, Signor Pachetti hastily dragging his most unwilling companion into some room behind, their words were quite inaudible. In a few minutes they reappeared. Signor Pachetti introduced the female as his wife, who desired the Donna to walk in — in a tone which sounded as if she had said, walk out.

The evening had now closed in, and a little earthenware lamp dimly lighted a small close room, where a table was laid, apparently for supper. Her hostess pushed forwards a chair, and, after examining the contents of a closet, sat down also. The husband, who had employed the interval in closing the shop, re-entered, and likewise drew a chair to the table. A hungry-looking hag brought in a dish of fried fish; and supper began in the most profound silence, only broken by Signor Pachetti's occasionally offering to help his guest, which he did in a hesitating voice, and every word accompanied by a deprecating glance at his wife, who returned it with one of those dark frowns which are the black clouds that foretell a domestic tempest.

Beatrice now found herself in that most painful situation—an unwelcome visitor—knowing that she was an intruder, yet utterly unable to help herself. Supper was scarcely over, when her hostess rose—“ I suppose the stranger sleeps here—you can come this way.” So saying, she lighted another lamp, and shewed her unfortunate guest to a room, the dirt and misery of whose appearance was as new to her as it was wretched. Without a word, she set down the lamp, and slammed the door—the very eloquence of anger to the vulgar.

Disappointment too great to bear—vexation at the timidity which had prevented her asking about Lorraine—anger at her reception—dismay at her situation, overcame all her resolution, and it was long before she even struggled with her passion of tears. The absurdity would have lightened the insult, could she have suspected that her hostess was jealous, not inhospitable. Jealousy ought to be tragic, to save it from being ridiculous.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ You’re very welcome.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ Yet the charmed spell
Which summons man to high discovery
Is ever vocal in the outward world,
Though they alone may hear it who have hearts
Responsive to its tone. The gale of spring,
Breathing sweet balm over the western waters,
Called forth that gifted old adventurer
To seek the perfumes of spice-laden winds
Far in the Indian isles.”

Cambridge Prize-Poem: the North-west Passage.

G. S. VENABLES.

“ DON’T you, Mandeville, take an especial interest in your young plantations, and say to yourself, ‘ How much more taste I have in the disposition of oak, elm, and beech, than my ancestors had ! ’ ”

“ To what does this allusion, whose truth I confess, tend ? ” said her husband, smiling.

“ Why, I want you to sympathise with me in my rejoicing over Emily’s improvement; you

know I set it all down to my own judicious advice and exquisite example."

"You need not put on a deprecating look; I am not going to find a single fault. Emily is wonderfully improved—she has lost all that was painful, and retained all that was pleasing, in her timidity; and to her own natural graces she has added divers acquired ones, for which I do confess she is greatly indebted to you; and then she is so very much prettier than I ever gave her credit for being."

"That is," said Lady Mandeville, "because now you always see her dressed to advantage."

"Nay, Ellen, you will not tell me that a pretty gown makes a pretty woman."

"It does a great deal towards it; but you gentlemen always run away with some vague idea of white-muslin and cottage-bonnet simplicity, which you call dress—which in reality ought to be numbered among the fine arts, and requires both natural and cultivated taste. Now, Emily had the one, but wanted the other. During her first season she was left to her own inventions—the heaviest of misfortunes to a young damsel. Lady Alicia was just 'ivorie neatly fashioned;' and Emily came up to town a domestic darling and rural beauty. Her self-

estimate was at once true and false — true, as regarded the really pretty face she did possess ; false, as regarded the effect to be produced by the said face. She was not so much vain, as convinced of her own importance, from having been all her life the principal object in her own circle ; finding herself suddenly of little consequence, she shrunk back into all her natural timidity, and left London with a great stock of mortification, a little sentiment, and having acquired more knowledge than wisdom.”

“ Wisdom,” observed Lord Mandeville, “ is only knowledge well applied.”

“ My pretty *protégée* was very little likely to turn hers to much account. Remember how we found her — living in the most entire seclusion, cherishing grief like a duty, nursing all sorts of fancies ‘ vain and void,’ neglecting herself, indulging in the most morbid sensibility, and having every probability of wasting the best days of her life in sickly seclusion, and either dying of a consumption, or, when she came to the romantic age in woman — I mean between forty and fifty — marrying some fortune-hunter who could talk sentiment, or resembled her first love. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* A beauty and an heiress — coming out under my

auspices! think of the effect Emily Arundel will produce next season."

"Why not marry her at once to Cecil Spenser?" said Lord Mandeville, abruptly.

There is a most characteristic difference in the way a man and a woman take to introduce a desired topic: the one, like a knight, claps spurs to his steed, and rides straight into the field; the other, like an Indian, fights behind cover, and watches her opportunity: the knight often misses the enemy, the Indian never. Lord Mandeville was more abrupt than ingenious.

"I marry Emily to Mr. Spenser?" said the lady, with a most meek air of utter inability; "really I do think she may be allowed a choice of her own. I cannot take her feelings, as well as her ringlets, under my charge. You give me credit for authority which I not only do not possess, but should be sorry to acquire."

"Well, Ellen, you must have your own way; but this I must say, Emily Arundel is a girl of whose strong feelings I think even your penetration is scarcely aware."

"Truly I am one very likely to encourage romance in any young lady! Did you ever know me to patronise moonlight walks, or talk

even forgivingly of cottages and roses? and have I not a natural antipathy to honeysuckle?"

“ ‘ And raillery takes the field for reason :’

it is vain to argue with a woman : just like walking in London on a rainy day, for every step forward, you slide back two at least ; and even as the mud slips from under you, so does her mind. I wish, Ellen, you were a little more reasonable.”

“ You should have thought of that before you married me ; but now your misfortune is irreparable,

‘ Till gentle Death shall come and set you free.’

And there is the carriage ; so now for our drive— I want to make some purchases in La Strada.”

How very satisfactory those discussions must be, where each party retains their own opinion ! Presentiments — those clouds, indicative of change, which pass over the mind—what are they ? They come, and they come not. Who shall deny but that some events “ cast their shadows before ;” while others, and those, too, the great ones of our life, come suddenly and without sign :

“ As ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity ?”

Surely some presentiment ought to have informed both Emily and Lady Mandeville of the event that day was to bring forth. It came not; and they set off for the gay shops of La Strada, as if only a few yards of riband had depended on that morning. They were all in the very act of returning to the carriage, when who should emerge from a small, mean-looking jeweller's shop but Edward Lorraine? Emily saw him first—how soon we recognise the object uppermost in the mind!—she did not, however, even attempt to speak—her cheek grew pale—her heart seemed to stop beating—she almost felt as if she wished him not to recognise them: the next minute they all met, and Lady Mandeville was the first to exclaim,

“ Mr. Lorraine! now what chance brought you here? ”

“ A most fortunate one,” replied Edward; and mutual and cordial greetings took place,—though there was something very satisfactory to Cecil Spenser in Emily's silence, and cold and distant bow. There are a great many false things in this world, but none are so false as appearances.

“ Of course you will accompany us home,” said Lord Mandeville.

“ I suppose you are just arrived.”

“ I arrived yesterday.”

Inquiries of that small kind with which conversation after absence always commences among friends, occupied the way to the carriage. Lorraine was installed in the vacant place, the other two gentlemen following on horseback. Lady Mandeville was in the best of all possible humours—she was really glad to see Edward on his own, and delighted to see him on Emily’s account. In short, to use the favourite newspaper phrase for all cases of escape, whether from fire, water, or mail-coachmen (we mean their driving), his appearance was “ quite providential.” She was only anxious about Miss Arundel’s looks—they were irreproachable. The pretty little mouth, all unconsciously, had broken into “ dimples and smiles,” the eyes darkened and danced in their own delight, and her colour was like that of the young rose when it puts back its green hood from its cheek, crimson with the first kisses of the morning. A little judicious encouragement soon led her to take part in the conversation,—and the drive seemed ended almost before it had begun. Edward could not help pausing on the steps of the hall, to ex-

press his admiration of the great improvement in Emily. "What a lovely creature she is grown!" Lady Mandeville gave him the very sweetest of smiles.

Their early dinner was ready; and some of the party, at least, were very happy. Lord Mandeville partially forgot the interests of his young friend in the charm of Edward's conversation. Cecil was the only one who was in the "winter of discontent;" but it was very hard to be placed himself between a French countess—young, pretty, and exacting the amount of such demands in full—and a Miss Arabin, an English heiress, whose designs upon him had grown from amusing to alarming. He had not even the consolation of sitting opposite to Emily; she was on the other side, between the Countess's husband—a man whom nothing abstracted from the glorious science to which, as he said, he had for years devoted every faculty of his body and his mind, viz. eating. To enjoy his dinner first, and afterwards to reflect on that enjoyment, comprised the whole of his estimate of table duties: as for talking, it was sometimes matter of necessity, but never of pleasure. It was said he only married in order to have a

wife to talk for him ; and if any one asked him how he did, his constant reply was, *mais demandez à ma femme*. There was no hope, therefore, of his distracting Emily's attention from the handsome Lorraine on the other side. How is human happiness ever to be arranged, when the same cause produces such different effects ? Emily's satisfaction was utterly irreconcilable with Cecil's. In the position of the table she could imagine no change for the better. Poor Cecil resigned himself in despair to the gaiety of the Countess, and the sentiment of the heiress. He turned from the bright black eyes of the one to the soft blue eyes of the other, and he escaped from a smile only to be lost in a sigh. Miss Arabin looked at him, *la belle Comtesse* laughed at him. Please to remember there are two ways of laughing at a person ; and Madame de St. Ligne had often had the pretty French madrigal applied to her :

“ Elle a très bien cette gorge d'albâtre,
Ce doux parler, et ces beaux yeux ;
Mais, en effet, ce petit ris folâtre
C'est à mon gré ce qui lui sied le mieux.”

To be laughed at with eyes full of compliment, and a mouth whose teeth were little seed-pearls, ought to have been rather pleasant ;

but Cecil was not in a humour to be pleased. Miss Arabin, seeing he was graver than his wont, looked as sad as she conveniently could — gravity and sensibility being, with her, synonymous. She talked of withered flowers and blighted feelings — of the worthlessness of fortune when weighed in the scale of affection — and of the little real happiness there is in this world; till Cecil took refuge from them both, by being suddenly most deeply interested in a discussion carrying on opposite to him, about the facilities of going by steam to Timbuctoo. The consequence was, that Miss Arabin said he was such a coxcomb, and Mde. de St. Ligne that he was *si bête*.

“To me,” remarked Lord Mandeville, “there is something very melancholy in the many valuable lives which have been sacrificed during the course of African discovery. But I believe that travelling is as much a passion as love, poetry, or ambition. What of less force than a passion could, in the first instance, induce men to fix their thoughts on undertakings whose difficulties and dangers were at once so obvious and so many? What but a passion (and the energy of passion is wonderful) could support them through toil, hardship, and suffering — all in

the very face of death — and for what? But true it is, that of any great exertion in which the mind has part, the best reward is in the exertion itself.”

“ I do not know any thing,” observed Mr. Brande, “ that has more moved my sympathy than Bruce’s position on his return home. After all he had suffered, and, still more, all he had overcome, to find, when he arrived in his own country, having performed one of the most extraordinary undertakings that was ever accomplished by a single individual, — to find, I say, on his return, that he was a by-word and a mockery; his honourable feelings as a gentleman insulted by disbelief of his assertions; and his own high sense of difficulties dared and overcome, laid in the dust by sneer and ridicule, which must have entered into his very soul, and left their own littleness behind.”

“ Or,” returned Lord Mandeville, “ what do you say to Columbus returning laden with irons from his own discovered world, which, to this very day, does not even bear his name?”

“ Why, I say,” exclaimed Cecil, “ that I do not see the advantage of taking much trouble about any thing.”

“ I cannot agree with you,” said Edward.

“The imagination makes the delight of the exertion which itself supports. The feeling with which Columbus saw the gleam of that white-winged bird which avouched that land was near—the breath of leaves and spices, sweet airs whose sweetness was of the ‘earth, earthy’—the dim outline of the shore becoming gradually distinct, as the night-shade broke away from the face of morning and a new world,—I do think that such a feeling might be weighed in the balance with thousands of disgusts and disappointments, and find them wanting, and not pressing down the scale.”

“I believe,” observed Lady Mandeville, “that our greatest enjoyments go into the smallest space: they are like essences—the richer the more they are concentrated. One drop of the attar condenses a whole valley of roses.”

“But, sir,” said Mr. Brande—who, being a traveller himself, considered that their injuries were personal ones—“look at the long years of obloquy and wrong, of taunts and doubts, which embittered Bruce’s return home.”

“I can only repeat,—think of his feelings when he stood by the three mystic and sacred fountains, and saw the morning sun shine on

their deep waters, and could say to himself, 'I alone, and unaided, have done what kings, at the head of banded armies, tried to do and failed. I am the Alexander of the Nile.' I say of these fountains, what Scott says of a martial company,

'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.'

Besides, do you hold as nothing his own consciousness of right?"

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Brande, "truth is a good thing—a very good thing—but one likes to have it believed; and a traveller has a right to his honours, as a labourer to his hire."

"Ah!" said Lady Mandeville, "I see how it is. Mr. Brande would like his Travels to Timbuctoo to go through some dozen editions—to enlist the whole alphabet after his name, as fellow of this society, and fellow of the other—honorary member of half the continental institutes—some score of silver and gold medals laid in red morocco cases on his table—his name to be affixed to some red or yellow flower, never heard of but in a book, nor seen but in a print—or to have some rock christened as an island in honour of him—also, to have his picture taken and engraved."

“Add to these, my lady,” replied the traveller, laughing, “the privilege of telling my own stories after dinner uncontradicted.”

“I thank you,” said Lorraine, “for reinforcing my favourite theory, which maintains that a love of talking is the great feature of the present time. Steam is not half so much its characteristic as speechifying.”

“Our monopoly of talking,” observed Lady Mandeville, “is being transferred to you gentlemen. I saw some English newspapers the other day, and I must say, London just now seems visited with the plague of tongues. Why, there is our friend Mr. Delawarr, every evening—poor unhappy Wednesday not now excepted—gets up and speaks at the rate of ten miles an hour, or, I should rather say, ten hours a mile, to judge by the little progress he makes. When did any of us ever say a quarter so much?”

“The supply,” replied Lord Mandeville, “in this case, does not create the demand. What woman could ever find listeners willing to go such lengths?”

“There, now!” exclaimed Mde. de Ligne, “that speech is just your *belle alliance* of *persiflage* and politeness: half of what *vos autres*

Anglais call witty speeches, are only rude. Who but an Englishman would have thought of telling a woman she would not be listened to?"

"Perhaps a Turk," replied Lord Mandeville.

"Ah, you see you are forced to seek a likeness to yourself among barbarians," returned the lady.

"Do you regret or rejoice at the prospect of returning to England?" asked Lorraine of Emily.

"I count the days. I have been surprised—delighted—with a great deal that I have seen; but I quite pine to behold the old hall, and be at home again."

"Ah, Emily!" exclaimed Lady Mandeville, "you are intensely English. I believe, in your heart, you think the ruins so called of Sir John Arundel's chapel, which said ruins consist of a broken wall and some scattered bricks, are more picturesque than all the mouldering temples, half marble and half acanthus, to be found in Italy; and I am persuaded one great reason why you want to be at home again, is to see if your myrtle-tree is grown taller than yourself."

"I, for one," said Edward, "sympathise in Miss Arundel's reminiscences. I do not go quite the length of the modern philosopher,

who asserts that our nature is not wholly sophisticated so long as we retain our juvenile predilection in favour of apple-dumpling; but I do think that the affection which clings to the home of our childhood—the early love which lingers round the flowers we have sown, the shrubs we have planted—is, though a simple, a sweet and purifying influence on the character. I cannot help thinking, that the drooping bough, the fairy-like rose, lend something of their own grace to one who has loved them and made them her companions.

“Now,” ejaculated Lady Mandeville, “I expect to hear, as a finish, that you have fallen in love with some mountain nymph, who has found your heart weak and large enough to contain herself, crook, flock, simplicity, and all.”

“I plead guilty,” said Edward, “to no such pastoral taste.”

“A gentleman’s idea of simplicity always amuses me,” returned Lady Mandeville. “I have nothing to say against Nature—and I have no doubt a lady made by her would be a very charming person; but where is unsophisticated nature to be found? where is the beauty, however rustic or rural she may be, without some

touch of art? And if nature is to be modelled, let it be by refinement, grace, and education. Again I say, I laugh at your idea of simplicity. It always puts me in mind of the heroines in novels, from Sir Walter Scott's *Di Vernon* downwards. In order to give an idea of beauty unspoiled by art, the heroine's hat falls off, and her hair falls down, while she looks lovely in dishevelled ringlets. Now, they quite forget two things: first, that though the hat may come off, it is by no means a necessary consequence that the hair should come down too; and secondly, if it did, the damsel would only look an untidy fright. And your notions of simplicity in real life are just as consistent."

"Do you not think," asked Mde. de Ligne, "that there are some faces which a simple style suits?"

"Agreed," replied Lady Mandeville; "but I hope you call such style only

'The carelessness yet the most studied to kill.'"

"How beautiful," said Mr. Brande, "is the simplicity of the ancient statues!"

"Yet they would have been," retorted Lady Mandeville, "just as natural in an uneasy or an ungraceful attitude; but the sculptor had the

good taste to select the attitude most pleasing, the folds of drapery the most harmonious."

"Lady Mandeville only contends," said Edward, "that Nature should make, not a sacrifice, but an offering to the Graces."

"Few things have struck me more since my arrival in Italy," said Mr. Brande, "than the little real love my countrymen have for the fine arts; they may affect 'a taste,' but 'they have it not.' I should have wondered still more at this want, had I not felt it in myself. I have seen others hurrying, and I have hurried, from collection to collection, from gallery to gallery, with nothing but the fear of the future before my eyes—that future which, when we return home, makes it an imperative necessity to say we have seen such things. We rise up early in the morning, and late take rest—we crowd time and memory, for the sake of one pleasant remark, 'Well, I do declare it is quite wonderful that you could manage to see so much in so short a time!'"

"Our English taste for the fine arts," said Lord Mandeville, "may be classed under two heads—ostentatious and domestic. Our nobility and gentry buy fine pictures and statues, as they do fine furniture, to put in fine rooms.

They are indications of wealth — articles of luxury — bought far more with reference to what others will think, than to what we ourselves will feel. A gentleman fills his gallery with paintings, and his sideboard with plate, on the same principle. Then, as to objects of art that attain the greatest popularity among us — which are they? Portraits of ourselves, our wives, children, brothers, uncles, nephews, nieces, and cousins. We like paintings of horses, bulls, dogs, &c.; or we like small scenes from common life — children, especially if they are naughty — and a set of breakfast or tea-things are irresistible. In sculpture, who will deny our preference for busts, or our passion for monuments? What are the casts which enjoy most plaster-of-Paris popularity? Napoleon in his cocked hat — the Duke of Wellington — Tam-o’Shanter and Souter Johnny — though even these yielded in attraction to china Madame Vestris or Liston as broom-girls.”

“ The prettiest casts that ever found favour in our island eyes,” added Lorraine, “ were the reading and writing Cupids. People bought them out of compliment to their own little chubby cherubs. ‘ Pretty dears!’ I once heard

a woman say—‘ bless their nice little fat arms !’ ”

“ Look at the enthusiasm,” rejoined Mr. Brande, “ about the works of art at Rome. The story of the barber—I have forgotten the artist’s name—who flung himself at the cardinal’s feet, and implored him to take away his life, but not the picture which had been painted beneath his roof,—is a simple fact. The very postilions rein up their horses, and point out to strangers, with a gesture of pride, the first glimpse of St. Peter’s. It would be long enough before one of Mr. Newman’s post-boys stopped on Highgate Hill to point out the cupola of St. Paul’s.”

“ And yet,” said Lorraine, “ we are not without some sort of attachment to it—I do think we attach an idea of respectability to St. Paul’s.”

“ Perhaps,” returned Lady Mandeville, “ from its vicinity to the Bank—to say nothing of its utility to set watches by.”

“ Our insular imagination is the exact reverse,” observed Lord Mandeville, “ of the Italians’: theirs delights in outward impressions—ours dwells on internal impressions; theirs is the imagination of the ideas—ours of the feel-

ings; they create a world—we exaggerate the influences of the one in which we live. Whether in painting or in poetry, we are egotists—we like what we can bring home to ourselves. Byron is our poet of passion—because it is passion we have felt, or fancied we have felt or could feel. Wordsworth is our poet of philosophy—because we all think we have practised, or could practise, his philosophy. The groundwork of the imagination of the Italians is fancy—that of the English is sentiment.”

“It is curious to observe,” said Mr. Brande, “the varieties of national character. The laws of the universe”——

“Nay,” exclaimed Lady Mandeville, “pray keep a discussion on the laws of the universe till we are in England—it will accord with the reigning whim. While reforming and settling as we are now doing, to arrange for the whole world will be a small matter. But such a weighty business is too much for this land of sunshine and rose—I move we do adjourn the meeting.”

“It is an old privilege of mine,” said Lorraine, “to bring my adventures to your feet. I have really been sufficiently romantic lately for recital. May I find audience ‘meet, though

few?" "Lady Mandeville and Emily were standing side by side—both smiled acquiescence. "The balcony of the fountain is the very place wherein to enact a scene from Boccacio."

CHAPTER IX.

“ Alas ! the heart o’eracts its part ; its mirth,
Like light, will all too often take its birth
Mid darkness and decay. Those smiles that press,
Like the gay crowd round, are not happiness —
For Peace broods quiet on her dove-like wings —
And this false gaiety a radiance flings,
Dazzling, but hiding not. And some who dwelt
Upon her meteor beauty, sadness felt ;
Its very brilliance spoke the fevered breast —
Thus glitter not the waters when at rest.”

L. E. L.

WHO that had looked on that trio, as the young cavalier commenced his narration, but would have thought, “ what a fairy-like picture of beauty and enjoyment ! ” The balcony was filled with young orange-trees, wearing the first white promises of coming spring, whose rich perfume blended with the violets heaped below. A little fountain flung up its sparry rain, which then fell on the leaves around, and there lay glistening. Grove and garden were

wrapped in that rich purple atmosphere when day has caught the first shadow of night—its softness, but not its gloom. There was a glorious sunset on the other side of the house, but the sky opposite was clear and pale, and only edged towards the west by two or three wandering clouds, whose freight of colour softened from crimson to the faintest rose. A large window opened into the room, whose painted walls looked in the dim light as if life were in their graceful forms. A small statue of Hebe was placed on the balcony, and against that Emily leant, so near that the hues of her own cheek were reflected on the marble.

Lorraine had resolved, if possible, to interest Lady Mandeville in the beautiful but isolated Spanish girl. He had lived too much in society not to be solicitous about its opinion; and was somewhat over-anxious that Beatrice should at once take that place which would meet both her deserts and his wishes. The difference that there is between a woman's love and a man's! His passion may lead him, in the first instance, to act in opposition to opinion—but its influence is only suspended; and soon a sneer or a censure wounds his pride and weakens his love. A woman's heart, on the contrary, reposes more

on itself; and a fault found in the object of her attachment is resented as an injury: she is angered, not altered.

Briefly, as briefly as lover could well speak of his mistress, Edward recounted his engagement with Beatrice de los Zoridos; and never, certainly, was narrative less interrupted. Lady Mandeville dared not even look at Emily; and when under the absolute necessity of saying something, the very faculty of speech seemed to desert her. It looked so odd not to reply to Edward with all the kindness he had a right to expect; while it would be so cruel to Emily to congratulate him with any degree of warmth. To her utter astonishment, Emily actually was the first to speak. "Nay, Mr. Lorraine, you ought to canvass me; do you not know that all the gracious countenance Lady Mandeville can extend is mine by pledge and promise? I do not know whether I will allow her to grant the light of her favour to any rival next season—more especially to one so dangerous to the undivided effect I mean to produce, as this beautiful and interesting unknown."

Edward made some deprecatory reply; and Lady Mandeville recovered breath and presence of mind together.

“Positively,” exclaimed Madame de Ligne, “I will admit no more of these divided councils — I am tired of monsieur votre mari, because he is tired of me. Mr. Spenser looks sad, and Mr. Brande stupid; Miss Arabin is in an attitude which there is no one to admire, excepting my husband, who is asleep. The saloon is lighted; and I heard some visitors come in as I left it.”

Lady Mandeville rose, and drew Emily’s arm within her own; she felt it tremble, and press hers convulsively. It was but a moment; for the Countess caught Emily’s hand, and said, “Come with me, *ma mignonne*: I have a fancy to-night *de faire des tableaux vivans*, and your services will be invaluable.”

“I shall bring more willingness than ability,” replied Emily; “but I will promise to do my best.”

The whole party, excepting the two, adjourned to the saloon, which shewed sign of the Countess’s preparations by a large picture-frame, before which was hung a curtain. In a very brief space the curtain was drawn aside, and shewed what seemed a tent. The subject of the picture was Roxelana receiving a present of the Sultan from a young Greek girl. The

Countess personified the brilliant coquette to perfection. Half enveloped in a splendid cashmere—the letter of the Sultan flung beneath one very pretty foot, which a furred and scarlet slipper, “*bien plus Arabe qu’en Arabie*,” shewed to perfection—a very white arm hung over a pillow of the sofa and round it—the other little hand was clasping an additional chain of gems, which were not so bright as the eyes that were fixed upon them in smiling and sparkling attention. As the Countess herself said, her personification of Roxelana was a triumph of the fine arts. Fortunately, the spectators could not look at one without seeing the other, or Mde. de Ligne would scarcely have been satisfied with the effect produced by her young companion.

Emily had on a long loose white dress, closed round the throat with a narrow band of gold, and gathered round the waist with another band of gold, only broader. Her arms, enveloped in the large sleeves, were crossed, after the eastern fashion of homage, and she knelt a little in the background at the one end of the sofa. A crimson turban, worn low on the forehead, entirely concealed her hair; and the profile of her face was turned towards the audience. It was impossible to give a more exquisite

representation of a young Greek girl, parted from the home of her childhood and her affections. With all the beauty, but none of the brilliancy of youth—the perfect outline of face—the marble-pale cheek, on which rested the long dark eyelash, curled and glistening with unshed tears—the rich relief of the crimson turban, which made the face look even more colourless—the white slender throat—the finely curved mouth, whose deep red seemed that of fever, and wearing

“ The sweetness of a smile,
But not its gaiety;”—

the subdued and drooping attitude—nothing could more accurately depict the “ delicate Ionian ” pining for her own free and mountain village.

The curtain fell, and in a few moments the fair pictures stepped into life. The Countess, to whom activity was enjoyment, and who imagined if people were quiet they must be dull, proposed proverbs. The one they selected for illustration was “ *chemins divers — même bût* ”—“ divers roads, and the same end.” The Countess and Emily were two sisters, each of whom affect an attachment to the cavalier they care not for, to pique the one they prefer. Mde.

de Ligne, who always considered choice as her privilege, had a fancy for being sentimental; the livelier sister was, therefore, left in Emily's hands. Lorraine and Spenser were to enact the lovers; and the one or two subordinate parts were soon filled up by the rest of the company.

Both Madame de Ligne and Edward acted admirably. Spenser was out of humour, and took his Englishman's privilege of shewing it: but Emily was the charm of the piece. Her vivacity appeared as graceful as it was buoyant; her gay spirit seemed the musical overflowings of youth and happiness; her eye and cheek brightened together; and her sweet glad laugh was as catching as yawning. It is utterly impossible to say more. The little piece was shortened by Madame de Ligne, who, having always looked upon Emily as a pretty painting, had only expected her to make a good side-scene, and was more surprised than pleased by a display that cast herself quite into the background.

“Indeed, Ellen,” said Lord Mandeville, earnestly, “our little Emily is overacting her part. I grant that Lorraine must be struck with her improvement; but, indeed, there is too much display for attraction.”

“ You are quite mistaken ; but take no notice now,” was the reply. “ Is it possible,” thought Lady Mandeville, “ that I have all along been mistaken, and that Emily is in reality indifferent to Lorraine ? Has she hitherto been withheld from expressing her real opinion from deference to mine, and from supposing him to be my favourite ?”

This idea was only started to be rejected. A thousand slight but strong circumstances rose to her memory.

“ I do believe she had a preference for him ; but, alas ! amusement is wonderfully in the way of constancy. Emily is a very sweet creature, but it requires strength of mind for strength of attachment.”

How little do even our most intimate friends know of us ! There is an excitement about intense misery which is its support : light sufferings spring to the lips in words, and to the eyes in tears ; but there is a pride in deep passion which guards its feelings from even the shadow of a surmise. 'Tis strange the strength which mingles with our weakness, that even in the suffering which sends the tear to the eye—not to be shed, but there to lie in all its burning and saltness—which swells in the throat but

to be forced down again, like nauseous medicine; even in this deep and deadly suffering, vanity finds a trophy of power over which to exult. It is somewhat that speaks of mental command, to think how little the careless and the curious deem of the agony which, like a conqueror, is reigning in misery and desolation within.

“Leaving Naples early to-morrow,” exclaimed Lord Mandeville, “and returning to Spain?”

“Yes,” replied Edward, “and that must plead my excuse for hurrying away to-night.”

“Well, I suppose,” returned his host, “I must take no note of your departure;

‘For well I wot unwelcome he
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee.’”

“And, considering what I leave behind,” said Edward, smiling, and looking towards the bright and gay-looking groups which were flitting through the saloon, “I ought to depart with the two following lines,

‘And not a star but shines too bright
On him which takes such timeless flight.’”

“I pity you so very much for leaving us,” said Emily, with a sweet glad laugh; for she

and Mr. Spenser had been standing near enough to hear all the conversation.

“ I have a favour to ask of you, Mandeville,” said Lorraine, drawing him a little aside, while he proceeded to recommend Don Henriquez to his protection and assistance, should he arrive in Naples before they left.

“ I am so surprised,” said Spenser, abruptly, “ that Mr. Lorraine should be leaving Naples so immediately.”

“ Nay,” returned Emily, “ Spain is a very interesting country, and it was only urgent business that brought him to Naples.”

“ I should like to know what it was,” said Spenser, quite unconscious that he was thinking aloud.

“ Never reproach our sex with curiosity,” replied Emily; “ see how curious you are yourself. I beg leave to tell you, it is something romantic, and very mysterious; and that, to our feminine credit be it known, I am aware of the secret, and do not intend telling it.”

“ Really,” said Miss Arabin, veiling spleen in smiles—its common veil, by the by—“ I cannot allow you, Miss Arundel, to stand there flirting the whole evening,” they had not been talking five minutes, “ with Mr. Spenser.

An Englishman is such a rarity here, that he ought to be public property."

Mr. Spenser wished the fair intruder at the devil, at least. Emily felt thankful to her; for Edward at that moment approached to say good night. The pulses of her heart were like the chords of an instrument strung to their highest pitch. She bade him farewell with equal kindness and gaiety, and turned away to waltz with one of their other visitors. She did not see him leave the room, but she heard the door close after him; that slight noise fell like a dead weight upon her ear. At first she listened without understanding what her partner was saying. Again the pride of concealment came to her assistance, and her gay voice and laugh startled Lady Mandeville. She looked earnestly at Emily—the bright eye, the flushed colour, the unusual vivacity, betrayed more than it concealed.

"I was wrong," thought she, "in supposing she felt little, because she controlled it—she has more self-command than I gave her credit for. The desire of hiding a disappointment is one great step towards conquering it altogether. My part must be to observe her as little as possible. I always did, and always

shall, doubt the advantages of consolation. There's now a prospect for Cecil Spenser—many a heart is caught in the rebound.”

At last the evening came to a close. Madame de Ligne was glad of it; for it had brought the disagreeable conviction, that Emily had produced more effect than herself. Spenser was glad of it; for he was not quite satisfied with Miss Arundel's gaiety. Lord Mandeville was glad of it; for his curiosity was waiting to be gratified—and curiosity, like a post-man, dislikes to be kept waiting. Miss Arabin was glad of it; for it would be some comfort to vent upon her maid the rage excited by Spenser's indifference. Lady Mandeville was equally rejoiced to see her guests depart; for she was both anxious and weary; and as she was under the necessity of telling her husband how completely mistaken she had been, the sooner it was told the better. So much for the enjoyment of such a pleasant party, composed of such delightful people!

“Emily, love,” said Lady Mandeville, “you have exerted yourself so much this evening, that you must be tired—there now, go at once, like a good child, to bed.”

Emily took the lamp: it was a relief, that

Lady Mandeville evidently had no intention of being either consoling or confidential. She longed, yet dreaded, to be by herself—she felt as if another minute, and the throbbing head and beating heart could be subdued no longer. She left the room quiet and smiling.

“Thank God!” exclaimed she, as she found herself in her own chamber, “I am alone.”

The proof that keen feelings are incompatible with happiness is shewn in the fact, that the young commit suicide, the old never. The old have outlived that mental world we so misname in calling it a world of enjoyment;—they have outlived the feverish dreams which waste those keen hopes—the pelicans of the heart, feeding on the life-blood of their parent;—they have now no part in the excitement of success, whether in its desire or disappointment. Delicate food, the card-table, money, are the delights of old age; and do we, then, become content in proportion as our contentment becomes of “the earth, earthy?” Are the feelings that redeem, the aspirations that dignify our nature, only like the ancient tyrant’s machine of torture, which, under the semblance of beauty, stabbed the bosom which clung to it? Who is there that has not, at some period or other, paused,

as it were, upon existence, to look to the past with sorrow, the present with weariness, the future with loathing? and when has such pause been made but in youth?

The difference between past grief and past joy is this—that if the grief recurred again to-day, we should feel it as bitterly as ever; but if the joy returned, we should no longer have the same delight in it.

There are many paths to lead to this (as the little matrimonial maps call it) rock of disappointment. Emily had trodden but one—it was short and bitter enough—that of unrequited affection. Early solitude had increased the power of imagination—early indulgence had weakened her moral, as much as delicate health had relaxed her physical energy. Love, to a girl who has lived secluded from the world, is a very different thing from love to a girl who has lived in society: sentiment will be the Scylla of the one, as vanity will be the Charybdis of the other.

The keen feeling, the high-toned romance of Emily's character, had she been more accustomed to the harsh realities of life, or been placed in circumstances where exertion was a necessity, would have been sweet and kindly

guards against the selfishness contracted in the world : but left to be that character's sole *matériel*, there was no strength to meet sorrow, no reality to ballast romance. A chain of small but unfortunate events had brought her into continual contact with Lorraine. Daily intercourse first gave attachment all the force of habit ;—loneliness next gave all the refining exaggeration of utterly unemployed fancy ;—and love had become to Emily an imaginary world, where thoughts, hopes, feelings, were all gathered and confided. The wreck was total—as total as that ever is which trusts its all to one argosy. The great happiness-secret, after all, is division. How dare we, in this vain, fleeting world, concentrate our whole freight of interest in one frail bark ?

The night was oppressively hot—perhaps the weight at her own heart added to the oppression. She drew to the open window, purple with the night-shadows, made dimly distinct by here and there a distant star ; the gulf beneath blended in the darkness, till but one atmosphere seemed both above and below, sometimes illumined by flashes of phosphoric light—meteors that might have suited sea or sky, and, broken by two or three ridges of

foam, seen in obscurity, like lines of snow. Her first burst of passionate grief was over, and the relief it gave was over too ;— the hysteric rush of long-suppressed tears is enjoyment, compared to the hopeless despondency which succeeds. Emily looked down on the calm deep waters, and wished that she were sleeping beneath them. For her the wide world was a desolation ;—she felt but the misery of loving in vain, and the shame which heightens such misery.

Perhaps, from an innate desire of justification, sorrow always exaggerates itself. Memory is quite one of Job's friends ; and the past is ever ready to throw its added darkness on the present. Every cause she had for regret rose upon her mind. She thought upon her utterly isolated situation ;— the ties of blood, or of that early affection which supplies their place, were to her but names. She had no claim of kindred, or even of habit on any living creature—no one in the world whom she could say really loved her, or to whose love she had a right. True, Lady Mandeville had been kind, very kind— but she had so many others to love ; and Emily, somewhat forgetful of the real affection ever shewn to herself, thought but of the utter want of sympathy between their characters,

and shrank from the imaginary picture of that gay temper and sparkling wit being turned against herself. And the next year was to be passed in all the gaiety of London! She was then to join in crowds—all the hurry, all the exertion of pleasure! To be subject to meeting Edward Lorraine, and perhaps his ——; but, even to herself, she did not finish the sentence. “Quiet, quiet,” exclaimed she; “it is all I ask—not to be seen—not to be spoken to. Would to God I were with the only human being that ever loved me—in the grave!”

The remembrance of her uncle again brought the tears to her eyes; her face was hidden in her hands; slowly the large drops fell through her slender fingers. Life knows such tears but once.

At this moment the tones of music came upon the wind; at first faint, as if the soft notes had not yet travelled the air, but soon richly distinct in its swell and its softness. Emily had often before listened to that midnight hymn. By moonlight, the white walls and green cypresses were easily seen;—to-night, the dark outline of the little hill was rather fancied than visible. The sound was a sweet and familiar one to Emily; but in her present

state of excited feeling, it came like a voice from heaven. It was as if a sign had shewed her a place of rest. She thought on the dim light—the monumental repose—the silence of the small chapel—the still, shadowy garden—the veiled figures that have exchanged hope for repose, and offer to their God that heart of which the world is unworthy. The last echo died over the waters; and Emily's resolution was taken.

Early the next morning, the party met at breakfast, all equipped for an excursion to Count Orsini's exquisite villa. They were becoming impatient for Emily's appearance, when a message was delivered, making her excuses for not joining them, under the feminine and frequent plea of a violent headach.

Lord and Lady Mandeville exchanged glances. "Had you not better, Ellen," said he, drawing her into the recess of the window, "go to her?"

"I think not. Between ourselves, solitude is the best remedy for her headach. She is at present too much under the influence of recent disappointment to control her feelings;—to betray them will be to confide them—and a confidant is the worst thing in the world.

Vanity will, after a little time, come into play; and the grief that is concealed is half subdued."

"Now, my dear Ellen, confess that you do not know what to say. You have, if not directly, yet indirectly, kept alive the romantic fancy of Miss Arundel for Lorraine. You thought of the match as suitable, till it almost seemed certain. You were neither prepared for the disappointment, nor, I fear, for the keenness with which that disappointment will be felt."

"There, now, do not make out the case worse than it really is. Change of scene, and a new lover, are infallible specifics, always supposing there is no character for constancy to be supported: if I witness the violent sorrow of to-day, I impose upon to-morrow the necessity of being sorry also. Our hurry—a wish not to disturb her, as she has the headach, so early—are valid excuses for not seeing her this morning. If there is depression, let us not seem to notice it;—let us speak as usual of Lorraine. New objects, new amusements, will occupy her mind; and unhappiness, equally unsuspected and unspoken, will die of its own nonentity."

"Well, Ellen, I suppose one woman knows

best what the feelings of another woman are ; but I do think you might reason with her.”

“ Reason on an affair of the heart ! ”

Their conversation was now interrupted by the rest of the party becoming impatient to depart. Leaving a kind message for Emily, Lady Mandeville stepped into the carriage, with spirits more depressed than she would willingly have admitted. Perhaps, had she seen Emily that morning, Miss Arundel's whole destiny might have been altered. But Life's great circumstances turn on its small ones. Could we see into the causes of all important events, we should often find that some small and insignificant trifle has been, as it were, their fate.

If any thing could have increased the bitterness of Emily's feelings, it was Lady Mandeville's leaving the house that morning without approaching her : she seemed so neglected, so friendless. She knew that the effect of yesterday's discovery was no secret to Lady Mandeville ; and yet, for a few hours' careless amusement, she could leave her without one word of kindness or comfort. Emily's last, perhaps her most painful tears, were shed as she heard the carriages drive from the door. She was mistaken in accusing Lady Mandeville of unkind-

ness; but both were wrong in their judgments. Emily's was unjust, as a judgment formed under one overruling feeling always is; and Lady Mandeville erred in applying a general rule to a particular case.

Which is it most difficult to judge for—others or ourselves? The judgment given in ignorance, or that biassed by passion—which is best? Alas, for human sagacity! and that which is to depend on it—human conduct! Look back on all the past occurrences of our lives;—who are there that, on reflection, would not act diametrically opposite to what they formerly acted on impulse? No one would do the same thing twice over. Experience teaches, it is true; but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again.

CHAPTER X.

“ She shrank away from earth and solitude
To the sole refuge for the heart’s worst pain :
Life had no ties — she turned her unto Heaven.

“ Raised where the pine and hill o’erlook the sea,
Stands thy lone convent, fair St. Valerie :
It has an air of sadness, as just meet
For the wrung heart to find its best retreat.”

L. E. L.

You know I always told you how it would be.

Common-place of Domestic Conversation.

IT was a small room, lined with wainscoting of the black oak, richly carved with that imagery — half fantastic, half religious — which marked the works of our industrious and imaginative forefathers. The height was quite disproportioned to the size ; for the eye could with difficulty trace the rich colouring and fine outline of a group of angels, painted by some artist who had left a work, though not a name, behind. The window was large ; but what with

the branch of a huge cork-tree that passed across, and the heavy folds of the purple curtains—a purple almost black—the light was nearly excluded.

On one side of the room was a large coffer, whose carving was worn smooth and shining with time; and on the other was a cumbrous book-case, filled with large and silver-clasped tomes. The only other articles of furniture were a small table, and a heavy, high-backed chair, covered with black serge. On the table lay an illuminated missal and a silver crucifix. The Abbess herself was seated in the chair—pale, abstracted, and with features whose expression, in repose at least, was severe.

The door opened; a bright gleam of sunshine shot into the room, but darkened instantly as the portress admitted the visitor. The Abbess rose not from her seat, but motioned with her hand to the stool beside her.

“A stranger and a foreigner,” said she, turning a gaze rather earnest than curious on her evidently embarrassed guest. “What dost thou seek from the servant of the Madonna?”

A moment’s silence intervened, which was broken by the stranger’s kneeling beside her.

“I come for refuge.” The voice, though

broken, was sweet; and the Italian correct, though with the accent of a foreign land.

“ Our Lady never yet denied her protection to the unhappy,” replied the Abbess, who saw at once that the rank of her suppliant placed her among those to whom assistance is most readily accorded; at the same time, caution might be requisite. “ Your voice is sad, but sincere. Let me look upon your face.”

Another moment of hesitation, when a tremulous hand removed the bonnet and veil from a countenance whose momentary blush subsided into marble paleness. With the ready recollection of one who sees but few objects for remembrance, the Abbess recognised the young Englishwoman who had so lately visited her convent.

“ I told you of the vanity of hope — have my words so soon proved their truth? What does a stranger — whose home is afar — whose faith is not as our faith — want of Our Lady degli Dolori?”

Emily clasped her hands passionately. “ Peace — calm — a refuge from a wide and weary world, in which my portion is but sorrow. Home, I have none; — kindred, mine are in the grave; — no living creature will care for my

solitude. I ask but a brief sojourn, to turn my thoughts to Heaven, and to die.”

“ We have here rest for the weary — peace for the bruised and broken heart ; but your belief is that of your heretical island : you must have friends who will oppose your intent.”

“ Friends ! I have no friends ; at least, none whose care extends beyond courtesy. I cannot argue on points of faith ; but our God is the same. Bind me by what vow you please. I am rich — I am independent. Will you shelter me ? save me from a troubled and evil world ?”

“ It were a sin against Our Lady, did I not seek to save the soul she sends me. Come, daughter ; henceforth we have but one shrine and one home.”

Every individual has some peculiar taste. That of the superior of the Convent of la Madre degli Dolori was for authority. An only child, her sway in the parental house had been absolute, — that over the Count Cimarozzo, her husband, even more so. His death — some ten years before, in embarrassed circumstances, leaving her very much at the mercy of a distant relative, who inherited title and estate, and had, moreover, a lady-ruler of his own — turned the haughty Countess’s views to a cloister. Her

own resolute desire of advancement, aided by the family interest, soon placed her at the head of her convent. Without rival or opposition, it may be doubted whether the Sister Cassilda was not a much happier person than the Countess Cimarozzo.

To increase the wealth and power of her convent was the great object of her existence. The rich English convert was indeed a prize. To give her agitation a religious impulse—impress her imagination with some solemn ritual—were the first steps to be taken. That day Emily was kept in a state of powerful excitement. The Abbess asked her no questions; but spoke beautifully and touchingly on the calm of a soul devoted to Heaven, and on the many perils and sorrows of life. She bade her kneel at her side during the service of the day. The deep, solemn tones of the organ, mingled with sweet young voices, filled the chapel.

Emily was now in that mood to which aught of sacrifice is relief; and when—her head almost dizzy with previous agitation, a frame tremulous with exertion, her senses overpowered with music and the faint perfume—the Abbess bade her kneel, and record, with a vow and a sign, her resolve at the altar, the feverish and ex-

cited girl was a machine in her hands. She knelt, though supported by the arm of the Abbess, which she yet grasped; a black robe was thrown over her form—a black veil over her head; the nuns crowded round to greet their sister; and Emily, as the Abbess herself hung the rosary and crucifix round her neck, heard her clear, melodious, but determined tones, bless her by the new name of Sister Agatha.

Pale, faint, they led her to a cell appointed to her use. That night it was within the convent that Emily heard the vesper hymn.

On Lady Mandeville's return, her first inquiry was after Miss Arundel; and great was her surprise on hearing that she was absent, and had been absent all day.

“But there's a note, my lady,” said one of the servants.

It contained these few words:—

“I have turned from a world which has for me no attractions, and many sorrows. The calm of a religious life is surely fittest for her who has no tie, and no home. Forgive me, my dear kind friend; but what am I to you?—you have a husband, children, friends—you are happy. I entreat you, as a last favour, make no effort to disturb my retreat. I could not—

indeed I could not—go to England with you. I pine for quiet. Farewell—God bless you!”

The paper dropped from Lady Mandeville’s hand.

“ Good God!—what can be done? We cannot suffer her to stay in the convent!”

Lord Mandeville took up the note, and read it through twice, with an expression of as much grief, but less surprise than his wife.

“ To-night nothing can be done—you must see her to-morrow. Ellen, she is too sweet, too good, too kind, to be allowed to sacrifice herself thus.”

Early next morning was Lady Mandeville at the gate of the convent of Our Lady degli Dolori. Admittance to the Abbess was easily obtained—that to Emily was matter of more difficulty. The rules of the Order—her own desire of seclusion, were alike urged. But Lady Mandeville was not to be denied. The marble paleness of her face more visible from the straight piece of black serge across the forehead; her figure entirely concealed by the loose dark robe—she scarcely knew Emily on her entrance. Prayers, remonstrances, nay, reproaches, were alike in vain. The Abbess had not miscalculated the effect of the yesterday’s ceremony—

she knew it was not binding, but its influence as a religious obligation was enthralling to a degree. Weak in body, suffering under the reaction of excitement, with a vague but strong sense of a solemn vow, the desire of rest, the shame of retracting—all conspired to keep firm Emily's resolve. Angry at length—though angry in the very spirit of affection—Lady Mandeville rose to depart; then, and not till then, did Emily seem to rouse from her stupor. A thousand acts of kindness rushed at once upon her mind—she threw herself on her friend's neck, and in a scarcely audible voice called down every blessing from Heaven upon her and hers. Still she said farewell; and when Lady Mandeville returned to the carriage, she shed the bitterest tears she had ever known.

Gentle, affectionate, full of those small courtesies so endearing in daily life, generally silent, but such an appreciating listener, so unworldly, so young, and so lovely—Emily attached those with whom she lived, more than even themselves suspected. You passed her over among many—you loved her among few. The interest she excited was that of protection. Accustomed always to see her yield her opinion or her inclination, Lady Mandeville never

suspected Miss Arundel of taking any decided step. But she forgot, that when the very gentle do nerve themselves for action, it is under some strong and sudden impulse, and they then act usually in opposition to the whole of their previous bearing. Opposition is too new not to be carried into obstinacy. It has cost them so much to form a resolution, that they adhere to it with all the pertinacity felt for an uncommon and valuable acquisition.

A thousand times did Lady Mandeville reproach herself for feeding Emily's attachment. It is a dangerous amusement, getting up a little romance in real life—playing private theatricals with the feelings of others. “But who could foresee his going to Spain, and having his head turned by the black eyes of a pretty conspirator? I shall detest the name of patriot as long as I live. What business have they with daughters?” One of the most disagreeable parts of what was disagreeable altogether, was having to tell her husband of the non-success of her morning's expostulation. Not a shadow of blame could be thrown upon him, thereby cutting off one great source of consolation. Fortunately, it was equal matter of regret to both.

After listening patiently to divers plans for forcing the fair recluse from her retirement,

“Time will be our best aid; we can do nothing now; leave her,” said Lord Mandeville, “to get tired of her monotonous seclusion—to feel how much she has sacrificed. She cannot take the veil for a year—next Spring we will visit Naples again, and I trust our foolish little Emily will have grown happier and wiser.”

Where there is no choice, there must be submission. They had been very intimate with the English Ambassador's family, and to their care and interest they committed Miss Arundel for the present. Lady Mandeville's last act was to write a long, kind, and earnest letter to Emily, and the next day they sailed for England.

The letter never reached the address; and again Emily's heart died within her with the feeling of neglect and friendlessness. Circumstances close around us as with a chain. The Ambassador was suddenly recalled; and she was left without a creature in Naples to interest themselves in her fate. The Abbess was not one to neglect such an opportunity. She saw that Emily was only acting under the influence of strong, but temporary feeling. Old habits,

old feelings, would be violent in their reaction—the present was every thing.

Three weeks after the departure of the Mandevilles, all Naples flocked to witness the profession of a young Englishwoman, a dispensation having been obtained for the novitiate. The love of sight-seeing is the characteristic of humanity—and a sight that involves aught of human sorrow or human suffering, is a thousand times more popular than any display of human ingenuity or human genius. Fireworks that sweep the skies, with a rope-dancer that descends through them like a spirit, to boot, bear no comparison as a spectacle to that of a man hanged! And the most eloquent preacher that ever made the truth of religion come home to the heart, would see his congregation turn aside to witness the immolation of youth, hope, and happiness, in the living sacrifice of the cloister.

It was a cloudless day—one of those when sunshine wraps the earth as with a garment, and the clear air brings out every object in the bright and defined outline; every near wave in the bay was a cut and sparkling diamond, while those in the distance formed one broad sweep of unbroken light. The inha-

bitants most accustomed to the city looked back on its fairy beauty with delight. The green of the country—grass and tree—was of that soft fresh verdure so short-lived in a warm climate; but as yet not a hue was tarnished, not a leaf fallen. The sunny atmosphere was like wine—the spirits rose buoyantly beneath its influence. It was curious to mark the change as the visitors passed through the little wood of gloomy pines, in which the convent stood. The laughter ceased with the sunshine; the conversation gradually died away before the melancholy and monotonous sound-peculiar to the harsh branches of the pine. As they approached the nunnery, many voices joining in the sacred chorus floated from the chapel: all crowded in; and more imaginative impressions were lost in the effort to obtain places.

The chapel was splendidly lighted, though day was carefully excluded. This passing from day to candle-light has a singularly exciting effect. A thousand wax tapers burned in honour of the Madonna. Four beautiful children swung the silver censers before her picture, till a cloud of incense arose and floated in broken masses to the fretted roof, and the whole air was heavy with perfume. On one side, mo-

tionless and veiled, stood a dark-robed group, the nuns themselves—so still, and each individual figure so shrouded in black drapery, that it seemed more like a painting of life than life itself. Yet from them arose a strain of the most perfect music: that most exquisite of instruments—the human voice—exerted to its utmost power, and tuned to its utmost sweetness.

The fathers of the Italian church well knew the people they ruled; they knew the Italian susceptibility to sight and sound; and they made music and painting the spells of their sway. All was hushed in the most profound silence when the Abbess led her proselyte to the feet of the bishop. For the last time, she was robed in all that taste could devise, or wealth procure. As if to give every possible effect to the scene, the costume of the bride of heaven always slightly differs from the reigning fashion of the day. She was now dressed in white satin, the border worked by the nuns in roses with leaves of gold; the stomacher was covered with precious stones; and a girdle like a rainbow encircled her waist: a scarf, richly embroidered with many-coloured flowers and gold, fell from her shoulders in well-arranged drapery. If the Sisters had given

up dress, whatever became of the practice, the theory was perfect. Her hair was simply parted on the forehead, supported by a single comb, and confined by a bandeau of diamonds. Her face only was suffused with a slight delicate crimson; and once or twice, as some necessity for movement occurred, the glowing colour gushed over neck, arms, throat, to her very forehead. Emily, in truth, was not at all prepared for this theatrical display, or for the crowd it would draw. The first glance round, made her shrink into herself with true English sensitiveness of public exhibition: the thought that she was there the mark of gaze for hundreds of stranger eyes stupified her; her cheek burned with blushes; and, trembling and confused, she obeyed the Abbess almost unconscious of her actions.

They unbound the diamond circlet from her brow, and let down her luxuriant hair—it swept the floor as she knelt, and the air grew sweet with the fall of its perfumed lengths. Again an overpowering sensation of shame sent the blood to her cheek, and the tears to her eyes. They flung a dark robe over her, and she felt thankful—it was something of concealment. They shred the auburn tresses

from her head ; and the next moment her face was hidden in the black veil which was to cover it for ever. The chorus raised the glorious music of its triumphal hymn ; the incense filled the chapel—its silvery cloud dispersed—but the new-made nun was already lost amid the group of her veiled sisters. The crowd soon separated—acquaintances formed into little knots to discuss the ceremonial and the topics of the day. That evening the young nun lay exhausted between life and death in a brain fever, while all Naples was ringing with the faith, beauty, and fervour of the English proselyte.

CHAPTER XI.

“ Oh, you know he does not dare say his soul is his own before his wife.”

Treatise on Ordinary Experience.

CATERINA PACHETTI had been a very pretty woman, which she remembered more to her own edification than to that of her friends. Whether from design or destiny, she had not married till youth was something on the decline, and then to a man some years her junior. Signor Pachetti was not at that time the rich man he afterwards became: of this his wife did not fail often to remind him. She forgot she had married from desperation rather than disinterestedness. There are two motives to every action, and two versions of every story. He had then had no dealings with conspirators. The opinions which attracted the attention of some of the Carbonari's agents towards him were confined to striking the barber with horror, and the macaroni-seller with dismay.

His opinions were now altered, because he acted upon them. His conversations changed with his connexions; and it was impossible to find an individual less liberal in word or action than the secret and trusted agent of the Carbonari. Moore says, that love

“Hath ever thought that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water.”

In this case business was of the same opinion as love. Pachetti's word was worth a thousand piastres any day; and his cassino on the coast had a very different appearance from his small dark house on the Strada.

The feeling which of yore made the old warrior desire to die in harness, is the same which chains the citizen to his counter. Early habit taking a less picturesque form, Pachetti always spent festivals and Sundays at his cassino, but certainly those days did seem intolerably long. Honest, if not liberal—a sure and prudent agent—his employers and himself had been mutually satisfied. A secret always carries its own importance; and while Pachetti remonstrated on their imprudence, and complained of the danger, his dealings with the Carbonari were, in reality, the enjoyment of his life.

He used to vow two wax tapers to Santo Januario, to save a poor quiet trader from such wild doings, and then double the offering lest he should be taken at his word.

To his wife he was the most amiable of husbands: he was not very fond of contradicting any body—he never dreamed of contradicting her. In youth he never noticed her flirtations—in age he never controlled her expenses. Could mortal obedience go farther? Signora Caterina thought it could. Weak, yet cunning—vain, yet conscious of having outlived her attractions—with one of those tempers which we conceive to be the true interpretation of the old fairy tale, where out of the mouth of the party proceeded snakes, toads, locusts, and other pleasantries. Almost desperate for want of a complaint—nerves were not known at Naples—Caterina had a bilious fever—“some demon whispered, have a taste” for jealousy. She recovered on the instant, and jealousy was henceforth the business and the pleasure of her life. The jealousy founded on the affections is torture—that on the temper is enjoyment:—

“There is a pleasure in the temper’s pains,
Only the temper knows.”

It was some months before Signor Pachetti settled into a state of passive endurance: I am not sure whether at first he did not consider it as a personal compliment. But his wife generalised too much—her suspicions extended from sixteen to sixty—and with this latter selection it was impossible to be flattered.

For the last few weeks, a press of business had confined him so closely to his shop, that, as few female neighbours ventured to set foot over her threshold, Caterina's vigilance had sadly lacked employment. The past fortnight had been one of sullenness, cold black looks, short snappish words, and those ingenious contradictions which sometimes vary the halcyon calm of domestic felicity. Beatrice's appearance was quite a godsend. Nothing is more inhuman than a bad temper. The forlorn situation of the young Spaniard only struck her hostess as enabling her to be insolent with impunity.

Weary, but too anxious for sleep, Beatrice gazed round the miserable little room: the walls, from which the plaster was mouldering—the cobwebs, that for years had been gathering on the rafters of the roof—the window, or rather opening, for window there was

none, but a wooden shutter, which kept creaking backwards and forwards—the floor, discoloured with dirt—the wretched pallet—all struck her with a sick shudder of loathing and misery. Drawing her cloak round her, she opened the shutter, and, seating herself on a little wooden stool, the only seat in the room, she endeavoured to trace some plan of action. One hope she dwelt upon with mingled timidity and trust: “If Lorraine is in Naples, I have one friend at least.” The high blood of her race mounted to the very temples at the thought of dependence even on her lover. Gratitude has nothing to do with love, more especially the imaginative love of a woman. She who would fain give the starry worlds to the object of her affection—it is a fine and beautiful pride which makes her shrink from aught of benefit from him. Once or twice her head dropped in momentary forgetfulness on her arm, but it was only to start again into full and bitter recollection. Towards morning she slept, completely overcome by fatigue. A shrill voice awakened her—it was that of her hostess, politely informing her, “Indeed they could not wait breakfast.” Hastily Beatrice descended, drawing her veil close round her head to conceal her hair, whose

massive plaits sadly wanted Minora's little mirror. Pachetti received her with a most obsequious bow, and gave her the arm-chair; Caterina stared at her without speaking; and down they sat to breakfast.

Beatrice shuddered at the fried fish, swimming in oil, which was placed before her, and gladly filled a cup of water, of which, with a piece of bread, she commenced her meal. "Shame good food should be wasted!" muttered Signora Pachetti. Her husband offered some of the light wine to mix with the water. "I suppose I am not to be helped to-day: well, well, a man's wife is always the last person he thinks of," was the running accompaniment of his agreeable helpmate.

"I believe, Signor Pachetti," said Beatrice, "you have received a packet of much consequence from my father; its bearer"—for her life she could not have pronounced the name.

"Yes, yes, quite true—by a young English nobleman."

"Do you," asked she, in a low and hesitating voice, "know whether he is in Naples?"

"Naples!—one would have thought our beautiful city had been Palermo (good enough for the Sicilians!), he was in such haste to leave

it. He sailed for Spain again a week ago. He was very anxious about your father's escape. I suppose his *Eccellenza Inglese* was one of those, too, who want to set the world to rights?"

Sailed for Spain! Her heart died within her; unconsciously she grasped the cup of water—a feeling as of suffocation was in her throat—but her hand trembled too much to raise it. Strong as emotion is, small things control it: she caught Caterina's eyes fixed on her with an expression of discovery, and triumph in her disappointment; the tears were forced back, and her steadied hand raised the water to her lips. What an effort it cost her to swallow it! Her voice was somewhat lower, but it was calm, when she again turned to Signor Pachetti, who had been too much occupied with his fish for remark — “ Mr. Lorraine — did he leave with you any directions ? ”

“ He gave me the address of the great bankers here; they were to forward any news to London, whither he was to go after a short stay in Spain. He left a letter for your father, in case he arrived here after his departure.”

“ That letter I will take into my own charge — and I shall trouble you with another to the

bankers. And now to proceed to my own arrangements : you have property of my father's in your hands—I must request an advance.”

“ I hope my husband will first take good care to know the truth of your story,” exclaimed Caterina, whose anger had risen, as anger usually does, on its own encouragement. “ A good trade this of a fine day, and a fool to deal with : I think I'll turn Spanish exile myself. You might find a better employment than making quarrels between man and wife. And as for my husband's money, I wish you may get it.”

Beatrice rose from her seat perfectly aghast ; her conduct, however, required but a moment's deliberation. “ I know not,” said she to Pachetti, with that quiet, calm tone whose authority is so absolute over passion, “ whether your wife is indulging a customary license of tongue. My business is with you, and you only. You should not have undertaken your office, unless prepared for its various exigences. I will not deny that I came here with the expectation of receiving protection and assistance, where I have only met with inhospitable insult. But I have not now to learn that my own resolution is my best resource. Here, as in my own country,

there are convents ; and surely in one of them a noble Spanish maiden may find temporary refuge. I ask no farther assistance, Signor, than to point out one which may serve for a present abode."

" A convent !—the best place too," muttered the incorrigible shrew— " a convent ! your best possible plan ! I was sure a lady of your noble birth and habits could never condescend to put up with our humble home. The convent of St. Valerie is close at hand. I know a little of the superior. There were new gold clasps put to her missal from our very shop—richly embossed they were. But the pension is high."

" It matters not," said Beatrice ; " my stay will be but short, and my father will not grudge the expense of his child. Besides, I have jewels—you must be aware of the value of these," drawing forth the bright cross made from the choicest rubies of Peru.

" Keep it yourself, Donna," said Pachetti, who seemed to take spirit from Beatrice's firmness—" I have ample funds of Don Henriquez'—a liberal gentleman he is."

" I would wish to set off at once—I can myself tell the Abbess my story. I need only

ask your services as guide and to confirm my statement."

Pachetti stepped with most ingenious adroitness out of the room, and Beatrice was left to a *tête-à-tête*. The Signora, by silence to her guest, conversation to herself, and looks of mixed dislike and disdain, contrived to concentrate no little share of annoyance in the next hour. At length Pachetti returned, with information that she would be received at the convent of St. Valerie, and that a little covered carriage was at the door to convey her thither. Caterina received her salutation without a return, while her husband was profuse in his parting civilities. She paused for a moment in the shop to write an acknowledgment for the ducats she had received for present use, and to obtain the address of Lorraine's banker. Pachetti then handed her to the carriage, taking an opportunity of saying, in a most carefully subdued tone, "I shall be very glad to render you or your father any service or services. Caterina, poor thing! has not that blessing, an even temper; but she means very well. You know you ladies have all your little peculiarities."

"You ladies!"—the fire flashed into Bea-

trice's eyes at the words ; however, she replied only with the thanks really due to his civility. Once, and only once, she drew aside the curtains of her vehicle, and then shrunk back in confusion at the number of people who turned the usual stare of the lazy on the passing carriage. They arrived at the convent-gate ; and an old nun, who officiated as portress, gave her in charge to another, who conducted her to the Abbess. The large wainscoted room, hung in a style with which she was familiar, raised her spirits into a sensation of home. The superior, a stately and pale though still handsome woman, received her politely but coldly—the coldness of indifference, not of dislike. She asked a few unimportant questions, and, ringing a small silver bell, the summons was answered by a nun, to whose care she consigned Beatrice.

The sister hurried her away, with all the delight of a child who has got a new plaything. Her desire to shew her the convent, and introduce her to her companions, was arrested by observing the faintness and fatigue under which she was sinking. With the kindest sympathy, she led her to the cell appointed for her reception, insisted on her lying down, helped

her to undress, brought her some warm soup, and then left her to that quiet which was the greatest of luxuries. A soft, fresh air, but sweet as if it had just passed over flowers, came from the open lattice; the young Spaniard drew one deep breath of enjoyment, and sank languidly on her pillow. In another moment she was asleep.

She slept for some hours. When she awoke, her apartment was filled with the warm crimson atmosphere of sunset—rich rose-stains fell on the wall and floor, which, even as she looked, grew fainter—and gradually the purple obscurity was only broken by the shadowy outline of a creeping and odoriferous shrub which had been trained round the casement. Suddenly a sound of music rose upon the air—it was the even-song of the convent; the notes of the organ and young sweet voices mingled in the hymn. The music—the fragrance of the flowers, whose odour was exhaling in the now falling dew—the languor of recent exertion—the sense of past dangers and present security—operated on Beatrice like the first and delicious stage of an opiate. All that was soothing in her hopes—all that was endearing to her memory, rose in their most

fairy fancies. Beatrice listened till she lay and wept with delight.

A gentle hand now opened the door, and her former kind guide appeared. "You look much better, but you must not get up—to-morrow you will be quite another creature. You see I have not forgotten you: so eat your supper, and go to sleep again."

Some boiled rice, with some exquisite conserves, and a glass of wine, aromatic as if made of flowers—and Beatrice finished her repast with a conviction that never had there been any thing half so delicious. A gastronome ought to fast sometimes on principle: we appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally debarred from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

CHAPTER XII.

“ L'absence diminue les médiocres passions, et augmente les grandes ; comme le vent éteint les bougies, et allume le feu.”—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

OUR first love-letter—it is an epoch in our life—a task equally delightful and difficult. No lover ever yet addressed his mistress, and no mistress ever yet addressed her lover, without beginning the gentle epistle some dozen times at least. There is so much to be said, and which no words seem exactly to say—the dread of saying too much is so nicely balanced by the fear of saying too little. Hope borders on presumption, and fear on reproach. One epithet is too cold—another we are scarcely entitled to use. Timidity and tenderness get in each other's way. The letter is sent, and immediately a thousand things are recollected—those, too, we were most anxious to write—and every sentence that occurs is precisely the one we wish we had omitted. The epistle is opened

and read—with a little wonder, most probably not a little vexation, at its constrained style. True it is that no first love-letter ever yet gave satisfaction to either writer or reader. Its delight is another question.

When Beatrice sat down to write, it seemed the most simple thing in the world, to inform Lorraine of her arrival in Naples—it was quite another matter when the letter came really to be written. Between design and execution in such cases, a wide gulf is fixed. She drew her little table to the window, and began: “Dear Edward”—that was a great deal too familiar—she threw the sheet aside. “Dear Sir”—that was as much too formal—the second sheet followed its predecessor. Then she resolved merely to begin by some general phrase. They say Mr. Rogers takes sixteen hours and as many cups of coffee to a sentence, on the strength of which he keeps his bed for a week. Beatrice bestowed nearly as much time, and quite as much thought, on her composition. It was written on her last sheet of paper.

“ TO THE HON. EDWARD LORRAINE.

“ Believing, as I do, that Beatrice de los Zoridos is not forgotten, I write a few brief

lines to tell you of my present comfort and security. I am now in the convent of St. Valerie, Naples—Our Lady be blessed for such an asylum! You will have heard from Alvarez all that took place in Spain. I met with much kindness on my voyage; and I was fortunate in having the widow of a Neapolitan sailor for my companion, who was also my guide to the Signor Pachetti. He mentioned your visit, and the safe arrival of the packet; he told me, too, how anxious you were about my father—God bless you, dear Edward, for it! Pachetti treated me with all the civility in his power: it was at his recommendation I took up my residence here. I am delighted with the place—the carved wainscot of the parlour puts me so in mind of our own poor old house. I hope you went to see the ruins. I look anxiously forward to my father's arrival; till then, I can only offer those acknowledgments he will be so desirous to repeat. If I have not said what you like, pray you think for me, and believe the thoughts mine.

“ With sincere expressions of gratitude,

“ Your indebted

“ BEATRICE DE LOS ZORIDOS.”

“ I know not why I should blush to write what I would not have blushed to say;—your little watch has been my constant companion. But a long absence is before us—a thousand things may happen—a thousand changes occur—I mean, you yourself may change. If so, do not hesitate to tell me. The weakness of repining—the meanness of reproach, would, I trust, be equally unknown to one whose memory would thenceforth be simple gratitude.”

How easy it is to be generous about the inconstancy which in our secret self we hold to be impossible! The letter was despatched; and Beatrice had now only to adopt the habits of those around her as much as possible. The young Spaniard had been in many situations of greater difficulty, but in none more irksome. Hitherto her life had been one of active exertion; every day had brought its task; the household duties, the care of her mother, had made leisure sweet, in proportion to its rarity; a library of extensive, but miscellaneous reading—the best in the world for a strong mind; a beautiful country, through which her steps wandered free as the wind,—had made every evening marvel how the hours could have passed

so quickly since morning. Now she had neither duties nor resources. The Breviary, or the Lives of the Saints, were very unattractive reading. Her naturally grave temper revolted from the small amusements of the nuns, who were such grown-up children, that confidence was impossible between them. Fortunately, Beatrice had never been accustomed to that indulgence which is certain to make the object suppose that all tastes and habits ought to give way to its own. Her early lessons of doing for the best, in circumstances she could not control, were now learned under a new form.

Her residence at St. Valerie had a softening and subduing effect upon her character. As yet she had acted under some strong excitement; she was now taught the necessity of action, whose reward was in its own exertion. She saw her companions happy in frivolous pursuits; she did not pretend that she could be happy also, but she drew from it a useful moral of the advantage of being employed. Observation, with no one to whom it could be communicated, induced the habit of reflection. For the first time she was in society whose members were indifferent, but kind. Accustomed to be loved, and to love, this general careless-

ness seemed at first want of feeling: she soon learned to think more justly. We have no right to expect more from others than we ourselves are inclined to give. If we were to love every one we meet, the very nature of love would be destroyed. Convenience, not affection, is the bond of society. The world is often taxed with falsehood, when, in reality, we should blame our own expectations. Courtesy from our acquaintance, kindness from our friends, attachment from those who make the small circle we love, is all we have a right to expect—and in nine cases out of ten it is what we really experience.

Beatrice soon made for herself a little round of occupations. She acquired a degree of musical science; she perfected her skill in embroidery; and she assisted Sister Lucie, her first acquaintance, in the preparation of those exquisite confections which were the pride of her life. She also learned to lay aside much of her natural silence and reserve; for society, to an affectionate temper like hers, soon made her wish to be liked. It is a most unkindly nature that can rest satisfied with its own approval.

But a yet higher advantage was derived from

her stay at St. Valerie. The many religious observances by which she was surrounded—the folly of some, the emptiness of others—turned her thoughts, more than ever, to the sacred pages, whose perusal was now the chief employment of her solitude. Study and thought gave her religious feelings less of an imaginative character. She saw in religion, not a mere refuge in the time of trouble, or a relief when the heart longed to pour forth its joy—not an expression of passionate gratitude, or still more passionate sorrow; but the great rule of all action. Every other motive for good might fail, this divine one never. Gradually the fear of God became more present to her eyes; and the religion that had been a strong and beautiful feeling, was soon a firm and active principle. The more she studied that small English Bible, the more she was penetrated by its truth, and enlightened with its meaning. In the convent of St. Valerie that faith which became the guide and comfort of her future life was most strengthened and confirmed.

One morning, with an air of important intelligence, Sister Lucie entered her cell.

“If you will go down into the garden, you will see the young English nun, who has been so ill

—she is out to-day for the first time. Make haste, for she will remain in the open air only a short while.”

Beatrice had curiosity enough to lay down the silk she was embroidering, and hasten to the convent garden. Encircled by large old pine-trees, whose gloomy green has no sympathy with the seasons, with boughs whose unchanging foliage maintains a selfish triumph over winter, and stands, sullen and sombre, apart from summer, there was no outward sign of the garden within. It was a bright spring morning—a spring of the South, which only counts its hours by flowers. Many of the walks wound through thickets of myrtle, now putting forth its young and fragrant leaves; others were bordered by straight lines of cypress—those stately and graceful columns, like the pillars of some natural temple. In the midst was one immense cedar, worthy to have been a summer palace on Lebanon; beneath, sheltered by its huge boughs from the sun, was a well, whose square marble walls were covered with the entablatures of the Roman days,—oval compartments of figures, surrounded by a carved wreath of the palm. They had probably told some mythological fiction, now nearly effaced. Beside the

well-head was a large stone cross, at the foot of which was a kneeling figure, said to be an ancient statue of St. Valerie. The beautiful bend of the form, the finely shaped head, the delicate and Grecian outline of the features, and the flowing drapery, were suspiciously classical in their grace. Around was an entirely open area, and there the nuns had small separate gardens, where they cultivated flowers and aromatic herbs.

The young English nun was seated at a little distance; her black robe and veil contrasted strangely with the bright boughs over her head—it was a pomegranate-tree, bent to the very ground by its luxuriant weight of blossoms—those rich red flowers which burn in spring with the blushes of summer. She was quite alone; and Beatrice, hastily taking a few early violets, which she had planted in her own plot of ground, went and offered them to the stranger in English. A passionate burst of tears—her first answer—startled her with their excess of sorrow. She had only just succeeded in restoring her companion to some appearance of composure, when the nun, her attendant, returned: seeing Beatrice, she said, in a good-humoured tone of petition,

“ You are young and idle—if the air does our invalid good, will you stay with her, and help her to return to her cell ? ”

“ O, I like to be of use,” replied Beatrice. “ If not so good a nurse as yourself, I will be quite as careful.”

They were again alone, and the young Spaniard gazed with great interest on her companion, who, after an eager glance round, said,

“ You are not a nun—do you mean to take the veil ? ”

“ Never,” replied Beatrice ; “ I am only waiting the arrival of my father.”

“ Is he an Englishman, that you speak the language so well ? ”

“ No : he is a Spaniard ; but my mother was a native of your country.”

“ Would to God I had never left it ! ” and again the tears fell thick and fast ; then, speaking with an expression of alarm, “ I am so weak I scarce know what I say ; but surely I need not fear treachery from you ? ”

A sudden idea flashed across Beatrice : she knew the importance attached to the English convert ; she had heard of the haste with which her vows had been made ; divers rumours had been afloat in the convent respecting her.

Perhaps restraint had been laid on her inclinations; could she render her assistance? There might be danger in the attempt; but hers was not a temper to be daunted by danger.

“Your confidence,” said she, kindly, after a moment’s hesitation, “will be best obtained by my own. I am here only a temporary resident—I am not even a catholic—and look to England as my future home. Can I serve you?”

“Alas!” replied Emily, for we need scarcely say it was she, “you know not how weak, how wicked I have been. I am very wretched, but I have brought it on myself; there is nothing now can be done for me; but we may speak of England; and, perhaps, when you go, you will bear a few kind wishes and vain regrets to the friends I shall see no more,”—and again the tears fell in large drops from the languid eyelid.

Beatrice, who saw that the young nun’s weakness was ill calculated to bear these passionate bursts of sorrow, gently soothed her, induced her to walk, and, for the present, avoided conversation. The fresh air, the bright soft sun, and, still more, the relief of such a companion, revived Emily; and she returned to her cell so much better, that she might have been quoted

as an example in any treatise on the benefit of exercise.

After this she and Beatrice took every opportunity of being together. The suspicion which watched her actions extended not to this intercourse. The Abbess was perfectly aware, that, under the influence of strong feeling and false excitement, she had been led into a step she bitterly repented—this had been sufficiently betrayed during her fever. But the irrevocable vow was now taken—the convent had had its full credit for its convert—a very large pension was secured—her set of pearls had been offered to the Virgin—and St. Valerie might now consider her votary as quite safe. The superior, too, had made “assurance doubly sure,” by intercepting the letters on both sides. A Spaniard, Beatrice’s catholic faith, on the other hand, as it excited no doubt, attracted no scrutiny—the daughter of an exile poor and powerless, she was an object of no consideration, and her actions were as little noticed as things of no consequence always are—her friendship for the English nun provoked not even a remark. Only those who have lived weeks and months in, as it were, a moral desert, among beings with whom they had not

a feeling or a thought in common, with only a cold and comfortless knowledge of superiority to console them for being utterly unappreciated — who have felt words rise to the lip, and then checked them from a conviction that they would not be comprehended—they, and they alone, can enter into the pleasure of speaking and being understood, and making conversation a medium not only to express wants, but ideas.

Beatrice had lived too much in solitude not to be simple in her confidence. To those who have never been deceived, it seems so natural to confide in those we love. Besides, a happy attachment has such an enjoyment in its expression ; and she was too young not to have a girl's pleasure in talking of her lover. No heart in early life was ever yet a sealed fountain. It is the unhappy love—the betrayed, or the unrequited — that shrouds itself in silence. But in the girl, young and affectionate, out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. The timidity of pronouncing the beloved name once overcome, it is a fond indulgence to dwell on expanding hopes, or to express gentle fears, for the very sake of having them combated. When Beatrice repressed her

feelings, it was from pride, not from suspicion ; and what pride could be roused by one so very sweet and gentle as Emily Arundel ?—for though called Sister Agatha in the convent, we shall preserve her old name.

The first week or two passed in the mere exchange of general thoughts, small but endearing courtesies, and in correcting Beatrice's English pronunciation. But their intercourse grew rapidly more confidential. It is a common thing to jest at the rapid growth and exaggeration of girlish friendships. Strange, how soon we forget our youth ! True, they do not last. What very simple, serene, and sincere sentiment in this world ever did ? We have soon scarcely affection enough for even our nearest and dearest. Instead of laughing at such early attachment, we might rather grieve over the loss of the unsuspecting kindness that gushed forth in feelings now gone from us for ever.

A purple twilight threw its soft shadows around as they sat together by the casement, a dim outline of each other's figure only visible, when Beatrice began her history. It was too dark for either to distinguish the other's face ; and when the young Spaniard sprung up

in dismay at seeing her companion's head drop heavily upon her arm, she had not the least idea that her insensibility was occasioned by any part of her narrative. Remedies and relics were equally resorted to before she recovered, when every cause but the right one was assigned for her fainting.

Emily had thought she was accustomed to consider Lorraine attached to another; but that vague hope which lingers so unconsciously in the human heart, or not so much hope as uncertainty, that had as yet given no tangible shape to her rival, had ill prepared her to find that rival in her own familiar companion. Vain regrets, sorrow as passionate as it was bitter, ended in a feeling that could live only in the heart of a woman, young, affectionate, and unworldly. Lorraine, then, loved the young Spaniard, and "I," thought Emily, "may love her too." A patriot might take his best lesson of disinterestedness from feminine affection.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Often from our weaknesses our strongest principles of conduct are born ; and from the acorn which a breeze has wafted springs the oak which defies the storm.”

DEVEREUX.

“ We understand the whole city was in a state of revolution.”

Daily Paper.

THERE was a singular degree of similarity and difference in the characters of Emily and Beatrice. Both had strong feelings, poetical imaginations—and both had lived much in solitude ; but Emily’s feelings had been left to her imagination, and her solitude had been that of reverie and idleness. Beatrice’s feelings, on the contrary, had been early taught the necessity of restraint ; her imagination, curbed by action, had only been allowed to colour, not create circumstance ; and her solitude had been one of constant and useful employment. Both had much mental cultivation ; but Emily’s was accomplishment—Beatrice’s was information.

The one dreamed—the other thought. The one, only accustomed to feel, acted from impulse—the other, forced to reflect, soon formed for herself a standard of principle. Emily was governed by others—Beatrice relied on herself. Emily loved Lorraine as the first idol which her feelings had set up, an almost ideal object—Beatrice loved him from a high sense of appreciation. The English girl would have died beneath the first danger that threatened her lover—the Spaniard would have stood the very worst by his side. Both were sweet in temper, gentle in step and voice, and refined in taste.

Emily's history was soon told, with the exception of a name; and their intercourse continued to be equally unrestrained and affectionate, with a single mental reservation. Emily marvelled how one beloved by Lorraine could ever have endured to separate from him; and Beatrice secretly wondered at the weakness which had renounced faith, friends, and home, for a passion which seemed wholly founded on imagination. True it is, that we judge of others' actions by our own—but then we do not make the same allowances.

Time passed away quickly, as time does when unbroken by any particular event. The restraint

and superstitious folly of the convent were becoming every day more and more distasteful. Beatrice, too, had opened another source of remorse to her companion. Hitherto, Emily had never considered the rash step she had taken in a religious point of view. Like too many others, religion had been with her matter of general acknowledgment and general observance. She repeated her prayers, because she had been accustomed so to do; she went to church, because others did; but she had never looked to her God for support—to her Bible for a rule of action. There are more practical infidels from indifference than from disbelief.

Beatrice was at first astonished to find how little interest the English girl, who had been brought up in a faith so pure, so Christian, took in subjects that were to her of such vital importance. We ask for miracles: is not our own blindness a perpetual miracle? We live amid the blessings that Christianity has diffused through the smallest occurrences of our daily life;—we feel hourly within us that pining for some higher state, whose promise is in the Gospel;—our weakness daily forces us to look around for support;—we admit the perfection of the Sa-

viour's moral code ;—we see the mighty voice of prophecy, that spoke aloud of old upon the mountains, working year by year their wonderful fulfilment ;—and yet we believe not, or, if we believe, we delay acting upon that belief.

Out of evil cometh good. The attention that might have been diverted—the conviction that might have been darkened in the world—were both given entire to the faith that dawned on the subdued and enlightened mind of Emily Arundel. The Bible of Beatrice was their only religious book ; but it was read with that simple and earnest belief by which the dark is soonest made light, and the crooked path made straight.

Beatrice saw, however, that her friend's health was rapidly declining. Almost hourly her slight form became more shadowy—her large bright eyes still brighter and larger—her cheek varied from a clear, cold paleness, to a rich but feverish crimson. Her beauty was like that which we image of a spirit, or as if it refined and became more heavenly as it drew nearer to its native heaven. She could also see, that, with all the restless anxiety of an invalid, she pined for her own country. “ If I could but die in England !” was her haunting thought ;

— a wish vain indeed ; for Beatrice saw clearly that the victim was more closely watched than ever. She herself, too, was observed with something of suspicion. A note she sent to Pachetti was opened before her ; and during an interview with him, an elder nun remained the whole time within ear-shot of the grating. Moreover, she had her own sources of anxiety. Nothing had been heard of her father ; and though most ample time had elapsed for Lorraine's return to Naples, she had neither seen nor heard of him.

The principal events in life are generally unexpected. One afternoon, when Emily's being very unwell had been admitted as sufficient excuse for her absence from the service, the friends had gone together to the convent garden, which garden, it is necessary to observe, lay on the side of the hill : a flight of stone steps led into it, and it was separated from the convent by a wall and a paved court. Emily was too ill for any employment ; but Beatrice had brought her embroidery. Seated beneath the shadowy cedar, the hour flew rapidly, when they were startled by loud and uncommon noises. A heavy trampling of steps — clashing as if of swords — several rounds of musketry — screams

—shouts—rose in the direction of the court. Each started from her seat; but the walls intercepted their sight, till light and broken masses of smoke ascended, evidently from fire-arms. Faint with terror, Emily sunk against the tree.

“With whom are the Neapolitans at war?” exclaimed her companion, to whose mind the idea of foreign invasion naturally rose.

The sounds grew louder—the smoke became denser and darker.

“Gracious Heaven! they have fired the convent!”

A glare of flame now threw a fearful and wild light against the black body of smoke which hung over it. The firing ceased;—one loud shout rose, and then sank into silence. The clashing of arms was over; but the steps sounded louder and more hurried: they could distinguish a cry for water.

“At least,” said Beatrice, “we will move from the fountain.” With much difficulty, she half supported, half carried Emily behind a little thicket of the broad-leaved myrtle. “We are here secure from instant observation.”

Even as she spoke, a party of men dashed down the steps. One, who appeared their

leader, paused and looked round for a moment. His quick eye saw the well; and he approached, motioning with his hand for the advance of his followers, who were all carrying what seemed to be carpets, or rather tapestry. Beatrice now recognised the hangings of the refectory. They brought them to the well; and, apparently obeying the directions of their captain, plunged them into the water, and then hurried back with them saturated with moisture. The chief was following, when he was detained by a tall, dark-looking man, who appeared to speak earnestly; but his stopping made him turn his face to the myrtle thicket. In another moment Beatrice was in the arms of her father.

“Your appearance, madam,” said the stranger, “is a most powerful argument in favour of my advice.”

Advice generally does require some very powerful argument to be taken.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ He abandoned all his schemes of policy, intent only upon the means of making, if possible, a handsome retreat from the disastrous situation into which his presumptuous confidence had betrayed him.”

SYDENHAM.

IT would have been very much below Don Henriquez' dignity to have escaped easily from Spain; and it was rather disrespectful of Fortune not to throw more impediments in his way than she did. He was as lucky in missing obstacles as heroes of romance used to be in finding them. Many were the disguises he assumed. At one time, he even meditated cutting off his mustaches; — that would have been “ the unkindest cut of all.” However, after a longer period of wandering than he had expected, he found himself in perfect safety on board a little trading-vessel bound for Naples.

He was landed, at his own express desire, on a lonely part of the sea-coast; and his precaution was rewarded by being, in a most pic-

turesque bend of the road, suddenly seized, his arms pinioned, his eyes blindfolded, and himself hurried into the presence of our old acquaintance, Giulio Castelli. An old acquaintance, too, was he of Don Henriquez, who, during his last sojourn in Naples, had found him an active and clever partisan.

Zoridos was immediately released—met with the most polite reception—and learnt that his friends in Naples had made their last speeches, some from very elevated situations. To this was added, that Naples was in a state of great discontent, and might still be considered a very promising theatre for a man of brilliant talents and enlightened opinions.

Henriquez was just now most desirous of learning something from Pachetti, of his daughter and his ducats. Giulio, since his matrimonial speculation, had become more notorious, and better known personally, than is quite desirable for a gentleman who was looking back with longing eyes to that land of Cockaigne, England: so, one dark night, attended by one or two of his band, who intended leaving off business and turning *lazzaroni*, they all set off for Naples, which they found in an uproar. The truth is, the inhabitants of that languid

and luxurious city wanted some little variety ; and the minister (your great men have each their weak point) supported a favourite actress in the range of first-rate characters in the Opera—supported her against the united musical opinion of Naples. One night she sang worse than ever ; and the next morning half the city rose up, demanding liberty and a new prima donna. A body of the *lazzaroni* also insisted on a lower price for lemonade, for the revolutionary movement was not serious enough for macaroni.

At this moment Don Henriquez arrived. It was too tempting an opportunity to be missed. He placed himself at the head of a company of people, who were prepared to do some great thing, though as yet they had not determined what. He drove back a body of soldiers, who, being disturbed in their morning's sleep, were scarce awake—saw at once the commanding position of St. Valerie—prepared to take possession of the hill—and sent Giulio to Pachetti's for five hundred ducats. He met with some slight opposition from a few straggling troops ; but made good his post. Unluckily, the porch of the door-way caught fire : this led to an incursion into the garden, and the result

has already been told. Giulio, who had loitered somewhat on the road, was, however, early enough to follow Henriquez into the garden. Even in the utmost happiness of surprise, Beatrice was not one to think only of herself: a hope of Emily's escape instantly suggested itself.

“Dearest father, this way!” exclaimed she, hurrying him to the thicket where Emily leant too terrified and too bewildered for speech. “She is English—she pines for her own country. Can we not now aid her to fly?”

“Only too happy to be so employed. Surely, Don Henriquez, this claim upon your gallantry will be more powerful than that upon your patriotism—especially as the one may be of some avail, and the other cannot,” interrupted Giulio, who attended them.

Henriquez looked hesitatingly first at the convent, and then at his daughter.

“Use your influence, lady, with your father; he is too brave a man to throw away his life for nothing. A body of troops are now on their way: the rest of the city is quiet already. As I passed through the court, sacrilege was the word, not liberty. The moment the soldiers

are seen, the people will disperse, or a few of the bravest may remain to pelt their leader."

"My poor Beatrice, is this our meeting!" exclaimed Zoridos.

"You see, Senhor, the case is desperate as regards fighting, and no one can blame the flight which is sheer necessity. I know this ground very well. This won't be the first nun who has found my services useful. It is now getting dusk; in half an hour it will be dark. By that time we shall be on the shore; and Pachetti, with his usual discretion, told me there is a vessel lying about a mile from the coast, and bound for Marseilles. Once on board, we are safe."

"Well, we must just fight our way through the court," said Henriquez.

"You would not fight far, with a nun on one side, and a novice on the other. No, no; follow me — and that as speedily as possible."

So saying he advanced to assist Emily, who instantly recognised the banditti chieftain. Faintly she sank on Beatrice's shoulder, scarcely able to utter her entreaties not to venture with such a guide. The recognition was mutual.

“ I don't very much wonder at her fright. We have met before ; but I owe her no grudge, and we must not wait for womanish fear. Don Henriquez, have I ever broken faith with you ? Trust me now, and follow me at once.”

Beatrice saw the necessity for instant action. “ Emily dear, you cannot fear my father”—and, transferring the trembling girl to Zoridos, she advanced, and, accepting Giulio's offered aid, said, “ I can well trust my father's comrade ; let us lead the way.”

“ By the Madonna, lady, you shall be as safe as myself !”

Confidence is its own security. Henriquez finding Emily too terrified or too weak to move, took her up in his arms, and carried her like a child. They reached a remote part of the garden, and, partly forcing, partly cutting a way through some thick shrubs, they saw a door, whose hinges soon yielded to their efforts.

“ I doubt,” said Giulio, “ whether this entrance will ever be as useful again as it has been. Well, I do not believe any one knew of its existence, save myself, an old priest long since dead, and a young count not likely to say much about it. So it will not be greatly missed.”

It was now getting darker every minute—luckily their guide knew his way perfectly. In a very short time, the sound of the waves breaking on the sea beach was distinctly heard, the trees grew together less thickly, when suddenly their guide paused.

“Your dress will inevitably betray you, lady. We shall find a little boat waiting; but, though their consciences are not very tender, I doubt whether the rowers will like carrying off a nun; and they will not hear of it on board our vessel. To aid an escape from the clutches of justice is a meritorious act; but from those of the church is quite another matter.”

The whole party looked at each other in dismay.

“Leave me! leave me!” exclaimed Emily, to whom the idea of the danger she was bringing on her friends gave a momentary energy. “Why should three lives be sacrificed for one so nearly spent as mine? Leave me!”

“Never!” replied Beatrice. “You had remained in the garden but for my persuasions. Quit us, my father—we can surely return to the convent—fright will excuse an absence, which, from its return, will seem unintentional.”

“ And how are you to account for finding out the door? and how are you to get back? I must try some better plan. Stay you here— I shall be back in half an hour. You could not have a better pledge for my return than this”—placing on the ground a bag, which, both from its weight and sound, seemed filled with metal substances. “ Pray to every saint you can think of, that the wind does not rise while I am gone.”

Before they could answer, he had disappeared among the trees. The half hour passed in the most intolerable anxiety. Every rustle in the leaves sounded like the beginning of a breeze; the slightest movement of any of the party filled the others with alarm; and Emily sat on a fallen branch and wept bitterly. At length a rapid footstep was heard: it was Giulio.

“ I have procured other habits. You must dress as quickly as possible. Let the tree hide the light on one side, my cloak will do it on the other.”

So saying he laid a packet on the ground, and struck a light; while the cloak, which hung on the boughs, served at once for a screen to the light and themselves.

All the colours of the rainbow seemed in

Giulio's bundle. He had procured two peasants' gala dresses, which shone with scarlet and blue. Hastily Beatrice performed both her own and Emily's toilette; for, what with fatigue and terror, her companion was almost powerless: still, their celerity excited the praise of the *ci-devant* professor of the fine arts.

“What a shame to cut off the nuns' hair as they do! No wonder they want to escape! Still, I think yours will soon grow again”—addressing Emily, whose deficiency in, as the Macassar advertisements have it, “woman's chief adornment,” was, however, hidden by a red kerchief knitted round her temples.

The light was extinguished, and they again set forth. A boat was in waiting, and they reached the side of the ship in safety. After a short parley, in which the word “ducats” bore a prominent part, they were admitted on board.

It was a merchantman, laden with sweet wines. The accommodations were wretched enough—to Beatrice they seemed luxurious. A little cabin, the only one, was allotted to their use; and there Giulio begged permission to deposit his bag. He fastened it up anew. Still Beatrice was right when she fancied it contained the gold chalice of St. Valerie's chapel.

Before morning they were out of sight of Naples. For the information of all interested in such matters, we beg leave to state, that the insurrection ended in a proclamation, setting forth, that, thanks to Santo Januario, the lemons promised to be especially productive, and that there was to be a display of fireworks in his honour at the next festival.

A Signora Rossinuola, with the face of a goddess, and the voice of an angel, made her first curtsy that evening to the Neapolitans. She was received with the most rapturous applause. Nothing was heard of next day but her shake and her smile. Her rival talked of an ungrateful public, and set off for England. The next year she outbid the Queen of Naples for a diamond necklace.

Essays are written on causes—they might be more pithily turned on consequences. The Neapolitan revolution ended in the departure of one actress, the *début* of another, and the escape of a nun. Well, the importance of an event is to the individual. One of Beatrice's first acts was to give Lorraine's letter to her father. It was filled with expressions of the most generous and devoted attachment, mentioned his intention of returning to Spain, there

endeavouring to learn Don Henriquez's fate, and also to prevail on his daughter to unite her fortunes with his own.

It needed all Beatrice's exertion and submission not to sink beneath the most agonising apprehensions. Her time and attention, too, were occupied by the rapid and increasing illness of Emily, who, with that pertinacity with which an invalid adheres to some favourite idea, seemed filled but with the hope of dying at home. Don Henriquez was sufficiently tired of action to look rejoicingly forward to the security of England; Beatrice's heart was there already; and Giulio avowed his belief that it was the only place in the world where talent was properly encouraged.

CHAPTER XV.

“ And it’s hame, hame, hame,
 I fain wad be—
 Hame, hame, hame,
 In my ain countrie.”

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

“ Mais, maman—mais je viens ce matin de me marier.”

La Petite Madeleine.

UNTAKEN by a pirate—undisturbed by an interesting shipwreck just in sight of port—our voyagers arrived at Marseilles. Here Don Henriquez would gladly have made some stay; but, at Emily’s earnest entreaty, they embarked in another vessel for England. “ You know not,” said she to Beatrice, “ how I pine to be at home again; every voice grates on my ear with a foreign sound—my eyes look round in vain for some accustomed object—the very air I breathe has an oppression in it. I feel ill; but it is an illness that only asks for its cure familiar faces, and quiet and home.”

Beatrice tried to smile and soothe; but her

eyes filled with tears, and her voice became inaudible, as she watched Emily's feverish colour die away into marble paleness, and felt how heavily that slight and wasted frame leant on her for support. "So young, so beautiful, so gentle—gifted with rank, fortune, and one so made to love and to be loved—and yet dying—and dying, too, of that carefully kept grief which seemed a thing in which she could have no part. Alas! Life—on what a frail tenure dost thou hold thy dearest and loveliest! Her heart has given its most precious self, and the gift has been either slighted or betrayed. And I," thought Beatrice—"I, who am so happy in the love I deem my own—how could I bear neglect or falsehood from Edward?—Happiness, thou art a fearful thing."

It may be questioned whether Beatrice found either the support or the enjoyment in her father's society she expected. Keen in her perceptions, accurate in her conclusions, she could not but see the hollowness of arguments whose strength was in their sound; and she could not but perceive the absurdity of the small vanities which wore a giant's armour till they fancied they had a giant's power. However, the Grecian painter's veil is as good for a parent's folly as for

a parent's grief, and Beatrice listened to some thousand-and-one plans for the regeneration of mankind; and though she drew in her own mind the conclusion, that as a universal conviction had never yet been obtained, so it never would,—she nevertheless wisely kept the conclusion to herself; while Henriquez thought what a very sweet creature she was: but then women were so very weak. “I did expect my daughter to have been superior to her sex.”

One evening Emily had been prevailed on to try the fresh air of the deck. Like most invalids whose disease is on the mind, she was indisposed to any thing of bodily exertion; but, though she might reject Beatrice's advice, she could not refuse her request—and she took the place which had been so carefully prepared for her. The air was soft and warm, and she soon suffered the cloak in which she was wrapped to fall about her; when suddenly a passenger, whose crimson pelisse had quite illuminated the deck she was pacing, approached with the exclamation—“Well, now, Lord help this wicked world!—the lies people do tell!—and no manner of gain whatsoever. Only for to think, Miss, of meeting you here! Why, they said you had been crossed in love,

and had turned into a nun; and instead of that, here we all are, sailing away for Old England. But, bless your pretty face! you look mighty ill—I hope the crossing-in-love part of the story isn't true—I know it's very disagreeable to young people; but, deary me, you'll soon get over it—it's nothing when you're used to it. When I was a girl, I used to sing,

' I am in love with twenty;
I could adore as many more—
There's nothing like a plenty.'

Lord love you! I never took on about any of them."

"Now don't say so, Mrs. Higgs," said a corpulent gentleman, thrusting in a face which looked equally wide and weak—"you know you'd have broke your heart if we two hadn't been made one."

"Broke my heart!—no sich nonsense—there were as good pigs in the market as yours any day. Not that I'm nowadays grumbling at the bargain I've had of you—though you weren't my first love neither. So you see, Miss, to lose a first chance aint much."

Beatrice did not comprehend the dialogue, but she saw Emily look as if ready to sink into the earth, and she beckoned her father to help her

companion to the cabin—at the same time collecting her best English to explain that Miss Arundel was too ill for conversation. “All affectation,” said Mr. Robert, who still resented her silence in the chapel.

Two, however, of the passengers in the vessel were very agreeably employed—they were making love. By the by, what an ugly phrase “making love” is—as if love were a dress or a pudding. Signor Giulio’s fortunate star was in the ascendant. Miss Amelia Bridget Higgs was not, it is true, the beauty of the family; she was therefore the more grateful for any little polite attentions. And—to tell in a few words what took them a great many—Mr. Higgs, who had come to Marseilles to meet his family, landed his feminine stock with warm congratulations that they had not taken up with any frog-eating fellow abroad.

The old Greek proverb says, call no man happy till he dies. A week after their arrival in Fitzroy Square, Miss Amelia Bridget thought it good for her health to walk every morning before breakfast. “A very fine thing,” observed Mrs. Higgs; “I am sure it used to be Job’s own job to get her out of her bed.”

One morning, however, Fitzroy Square must have been more than usually delightful: there was an east wind

“ Amid whose vapours evil spirits dwelt;”

the poor little daisies and crocuses,

“ Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,”

seemed to implore their mother earth to receive them into her bosom again; the smuts, those “fairy favours” from the gnome queen of coal fires, fell fast and thick; and the laburnums looked so many practical Rousseaus denouncing the progress of civilisation.

“Why, I declare it spits,” said Mrs. Higgs, gazing on those watery drops on the windows which indicate what the Scotch call mist, and the English rain. “Timothy, do go and tell your sister that the tea’s quite cold, and we’ve eat all the prawns.”

“I’m sure, Ma’,” replied the boy, “you might send Jack—I’ve got my theme to do about being obliging, and I sha’n’t have no time.”

“Indeed,” said Jack, who was what is called a fine manly boy, “I sha’n’t go; my stomach

always tells me when it's breakfast-time—and Miss Biddy has got as good a clock as I have.”

“What wicked boys you are!” exclaimed the irritated Mrs. Higgs; “all this comes of your education.”

“I am sure,” rejoined Jack, “I don't want to be educated—I hate going to school.”

“Ain't you ashamed of yourselves, you little ungrateful rascals? Don't you cost us a mint of money, that you may have the blessing education?”

“I don't care,” returned Jack.

“Don't care! you undootiful wretch, do you know that Don't Care came to the gallows?”

“Well, Ma', if it's my fate to be hanged, I shall never be drowned.”

“I'll be the death of you, Master Saucebox!” said Mrs. Higgs, rushing wrathfully forward; but the box on the ear was arrested by the sudden entrance of Miss Bridget Amelia and Signor Giulio Castelli. The young gentleman made his escape; but Mrs. Higgs's store of indignation was not so instantly to be assuaged, even by the oil of courtesy; though, by dint of eating two lozenges, getting her a glass of

brandy during a gale, and seeing to the safety of a bandbox, Signor Giulio was rather a favourite. As to Mr. Higgs, he hated all those foreigneering people.

“ A pretty time this is to come in to breakfast. The muffins are quite cold, I can tell you, Miss Higgs.”

“ Not Miss Higgs, but the Countess di Castelli,” said Giulio, stepping gracefully forward.

The Countess took out her handkerchief.

“ Our felicity asks but the paternal blessing to make it complete. Kneel, my Amelia.”

“ Lord, father, don't be angry, and begin to swear; but I've been and got married this morning.”

“ Not to that damned jackanapes of a Frenchman,” cried the father.

“ Married, and got never no wedding clothes!” said the mother.

“ I'll lock you up on bread and water for a year,” said Mr. Higgs.

“ To think of you going and getting married before your eldest sister. But you never had no manners,” said Mrs. Higgs.

“ Miss Biddy 's in for it now,” whispered Jack.

Signor Giulio began an eloquent speech about his noble blood, his country's wrongs, and his fair Countess ; and his lady began to cry. Tears did more than words. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Higgs could ever abide the sight of crying : their anger melted like barley-sugar exposed to the moist air — the young couple were forgiven — and the whole family spent the wedding-day at Greenwich.

At dinner, a dish of stewed eels made Mr. Higgs a little pensive, and he remarked, “ that the fair sex slipped through your fingers just like eels.” This innuendo was, however, all that disturbed the enjoyment of the day, whose hilarity, as the newspapers say of a public dinner, was prolonged to a late hour.

But all this in advance ; and Miss Bridget and the Italian *professeur des variétés* are leaning over the side of the vessel. At length a dark line appeared on the horizon — it widened — assumed a broken outline, like an evening ridge of clouds — gradually the bold coast became defined — an element seemed restored to creation — and the green glad earth was visible to the gaze of the voyager.

Beatrice stood at the little cabin-window, her heart in her eyes, watching, but not for the

beauty of the scene. No, though the steps of morning were even as angels' on the sea which grew bright beneath; — no, though the night had left the blush with which she rose from her pillow behind her on the clouds; — no, though the white cliffs stood out before her — stainless portals of earth's most glorious land; — she gazed upon it because it was the country of Edward Lorraine. “Edward, my own beloved Edward!” said she in English; and then hid her face in her hands, as if to shut out every object but that now present to her thoughts.

A slight noise in the cabin aroused her. She blushed to think how forgetful she had been of time. The coast was now distinctly visible: the town glittered in the sunshine — the Castle reared its head proudly on the height — a hundred ships floated in the Downs — a hundred flags were rising in the breeze.

“Oh, Emily, come!” exclaimed the Spanish girl, “and see your own beautiful country.”

Emily, whose arousing from sleep had attracted Beatrice's attention, rose from the sofa, and leaning on her companion's shoulder, shared the cabin-window. Once, only once, she looked almost as if with envy in the Spaniard's face — it was but for a moment, and she too turned to

gaze eagerly on the shore. Her cheek coloured, her eye brightened, as she marked how rapidly they were approaching the land. Almost unconsciously, she stretched her arms forward, like a child to its mother. "Home at last — how I have pined for my home!"

CHAPTER XVI.

“ Sad and deep
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast.”

MRS. HEMANS.

“ Many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience fit.”

MONTGOMERY'S *Pelican Island*.

ARUNDEL HOUSE was scarcely a day's journey from the sea-port where they disembarked ; and the voyagers easily yielded to Emily's entreaties that they would, for the present, take up their abode with her.

“ How very beautiful !” exclaimed Beatrice, as, at the end, they wound through the shadowy lane so peculiarly English. Truly, as the old proverb says,

“ March winds and April showers
Had brought forth May flowers.”

The first flush of the hawthorn blossom had given place to the luxuriant vegetation of the green leaves, amid which the red shoots of the

wild honey-suckle twined, and from which hung a profusion of its fragrant tubes, like fairy trumpets. The dog-rose was decked with its delicate bloom, and a hundred frail but most fair roses contrasted the darker hedge. High above stood the ash-tree, its boughs covered with the toy-like bunches called "locks and keys;" and beyond spread the meadows, knee-deep with the verdant grass. At one turning in the road, the air became suddenly fragrant: the dew of the evening was falling on a portion of the fence entirely composed of briar, whose leaves are sweeter than the flowers of other plants.

The shadows fell long and dark from the antique house as they entered the court-yard; and an old man, candle in hand, querulously asserted "that the young mistress was abroad."

Emily had, partly from fatigue, partly from thought—such thought as never yet sought language—been leaning back in the carriage; while Don Henriquez and his daughter conversed in whispers. She now roused herself; and, looking from the open door of the chaise, said to an elderly woman, who had come forward, apparently to countenance her husband's denial, "Have you forgotten me, Mary?"

"God bless her sweet face, it is herself!"

“ Our young mistress come home !”

Little explanation was needed. The ancient servants were, with the usual effect of pleasurable surprise, quite bewildered. With a strong effort, Emily conquered whatever feelings might be struggling within ; and, bidding her guests welcome, took Beatrice’s arm, and led her after the old housekeeper, who mingled her exclamations of delight at seeing “ Miss Emily again,” with lamentations at having been taken “ all unaware :” turning with an apologetic tone to Beatrice, to whom, as the stranger, she deemed some explanation due for the honour of the house. “ The room does look mighty bare and cold ; but you see, Ma’am, the curtains are taken down, and the chairs covered up : to-morrow you shan’t know the place.”

They entered the room, and the lights fell full on Emily’s face. “ Oh, Miss Emily !” ejaculated the poor faithful creature, who now saw the alteration a few months had produced.

A glance from Beatrice—for nothing is so electric as the kindness of sympathy—stopped the tide of bewailings that were gushing forth. “ Poor child !” muttered the housekeeper ; “ but it’s no good telling her.”

“ You must let me help you to nurse Miss

Emily," said Beatrice: "I must resign my office by degrees; but being at home will do wonders for her."

"Nay," said Emily, smiling, "I shall want very little nursing now—I feel so well this evening."

Even sorrow for "the dear child" gave way before the "hospitable cares" on which the housekeeper was "intent." A bright fire blazed in the grate, the arm-chairs were wheeled round, a white cloth laid on the table—rather sooner than was necessary, but the delight of the old domestic's heart was the damask. Supper was brought in with apologies, thick and threefold as those that arrive on the morning of a ball when the hostess has been experimental in her invitations.

"If I had but known, Miss Emily, you were coming—but, luckily, we killed a pig yesterday. But, dear, dear, you didn't use to eat pork; and I'm sure I know nothing of your foreign fashions. You'll be starved, all of you."

The supper, however, was not so despicable, especially to travellers. A chicken had been broiled with mushrooms—mushrooms which had that very morning had the dew upon them;

pork-chops, the smallest of the small, and the whitest of the white; some broiled ham, and peas which Adrian had been out with the lantern to gather; also a cucumber, the freshest and most fragrant of salads; preserved apricots, like frosted amber; a basket of early strawberries and cream—Norway itself, that paradise of cows, could scarce boast thicker or whiter. Add to this, Madeira which had twice ripened beneath eastern suns—once in the grape, and once in the wood; and Port whose filmy robe of cobweb had, as old Adrian boasted, outlasted many a silken dress. Now, remembering that what was hot of this supper was very hot indeed, and what was cold, cold as possible, it must be owned that travellers have fared worse.

Don Henriquez was deeply impressed in favour of the English nation; but Beatrice was chiefly rejoiced to see how much being at the home for which she had so pined seemed to revive Emily. She had all day complained of severe and wearing pain; she now seemed not only at ease, but even comparatively strong. The Spaniard thought of her companion's more happy and settled fate; rich, in her own land, near friends the next day would bring to her

side—at home in the house of her ancestors. “Ah, Emily, you ought to be—you will be happy,” was her silent reflection.

Emily not only felt that joyousness of spirits which is produced by relief from pain, but was anxious by every exertion to convince her guests of their welcome. It was the fatigue of her companions that first gave the signal for leaving the table. She leant on her old favourite up stairs—“I could carry you, Miss Emily, in my arms.”

Beatrice could not resist an exclamation of delight at the comfort of an English bed-room—the fire made it look so cheerful; for though the days were warm and bright, the nights required fire.

“To-morrow is my birth-day,” said Emily; “how thankful I am to spend it at home! Mary, be sure you send word to Mr. Morton to breakfast here.”

“But, Emily dear, you will tire yourself. If we mean,” said Beatrice to the housekeeper, “to nurse her, we must oblige her to obey us: let us see, now, if both together have authority enough to make her silent and sleepy.”

In a few minutes more the old woman was

dismissed; but Beatrice was the first asleep. Restless, weary, fearful of disturbing her companion, Emily found on her pillow only the weariness of unrest. She grew feverish and impatient; at last, having ascertained, by leaning over her, that Beatrice was sleeping, she arose, and, wrapping her cloak around her, softly undrew the curtain. A gleam of light from the lamp fell full on Beatrice's face, and Emily hastily turned round to ascertain that she still slept. The hurried glance became a prolonged gaze, as she marked the perfect beauty of the face before her. The marble clearness of the skin was warmed with a rich crimson flush; the parted lips were like chiselled coral, and wore a sweet smile, as if their thoughts were pleasant. The long curled eye-lash rested on the cheek; and along the throat, where the blue veins, clear and azure, were filled with life, was a slight hair chain. Emily had often seen it—it was wrought by the sleeper's self, and to it hung the little watch given her by Edward Lorraine, beating quietly as the heart beneath it. It was a moment's impulse that made Emily, as she entered the dressing-room, hold the lamp to the glass. Earnestly she

gazed on her own face—thin, pale, eye and cheek had equally lost their lustre; her strange and haggard look startled even herself.

“ I never was so beautiful as she is—and now ”——

A feeling of hatred towards the young Spaniard entered her heart, and she sunk back on the sofa, while her breath came thick with the hurry of evil thoughts.

“ I wish I had staid in the convent, so that she had staid with me. I might have turned her thoughts against him—told her he was cruel, false. Even now they might be parted.” And Emily wished in her heart that the beautiful sleeper might never wake again. It is well for our weak and wicked race that our unrighteous wishes lack the temptation of power. Who dare look into the secret recesses of their soul, and number their crimes of thought? But Emily was too kind, too generous, to allow her bad nature more than a moment’s sway. The shadow of the demon passed over her, but rested not.

“ My God, have pity and mercy on me! I dare not think my own thoughts. I—I who love him so! how could I even think of happiness bought by his sorrow! And Beatrice, who

has been to me even as a sister—a watchful and affectionate sister!”

The tears filled her eyes, and soon fell thick and fast; they came with all the gentleness of rain, and her softened mood brought almost happiness with it. The imagination for a while drew the future as with the wand of a fairy; but it was the future of others—though a future that owed much to her affection. Suddenly she rose from her seat, and, drawing a little table to the fire, began writing eagerly. Her hand trembled, and the damp stood on her brow in large drops with the exertion; and before her task was finished, her heart beat aloud. At length two papers were completed: one she folded and put in her desk—“I only ask till to-morrow:”—the other she tried to seal, but in vain—her strength was utterly exhausted. Her head swam with a strange and heavy pain—she dropped her face upon her hands to still the throbbing pulses—she gasped for breath—and on raising her face, her hands were covered with blood: it gave her, however, a temporary relief; but she felt too faint to move, and sunk back on the sofa. A light step entered the room—it was Beatrice.

“Oh, Emily, why did you not wake me?”

“Nay, I have not wanted you till now;” and throwing her arm round her companion’s neck, she kissed her: it was a silent renewal of affection, as if she mutely asked her forgiveness for having envied her happiness. She was soon asleep; and Beatrice, now fully awakened by anxiety, watched over her unquiet slumbers as you would watch a feverish child. Once Emily started up—“Is my letter gone to Lady Mandeville?” But on Beatrice’s assurance that it should be sent the first thing in the morning, she dropped her head back on the pillow and slumbered again.

The sunshine of summer, and the showers of spring, brought in the next day. White clouds wandered over the sky, like the uncertain aims of the weak and vain—and like them, too, often ending in darkness and tears. The wind stirred the leaves of the old trees with a sound like falling rain—a melancholy voice that suited well with their gloomy shade. But in the garden was life in all its glad and bright hues: the early roses and the late violets opened their urns, exhaling in perfume the drops they caught, till every breath was pleasure; the laburnums, those prodigals of fleeting wealth, were covered with gold; and the Persian lilacs waved grace-

ful as the Circassian maidens, to whom they are so often compared in eastern song. Emily resisted all entreaties to remain in bed; and the party had finished breakfast before Mr. Morton arrived. The coldness and severity of his air vanished as he gazed on Emily, who, after a moment's embarrassment, requested Don Henriquez and his daughter to take Adrian as a guide round the grounds.

They wandered for some time through the garden; at length they repassed the window. Emily was rising from her knee, and Mr. Morton's hand rested on her head, even as a father would bless his child. They caught sight of Beatrice, and beckoned her to come in. Mr. Morton passed her hurriedly in the hall, and she saw he was struggling to subdue a burst of bitter emotion. The trace of tears was on Emily's cheek; but she was quiet, composed, and less feverish. A moment after, Mr. Morton re-entered. But all parties conversed by an effort. Beatrice was anxiously watching Emily's extreme exhaustion. Don Henriquez, having nothing else to do—and an English house, moreover, recalling many early recollections—thought he could not take a better opportunity of being unhappy about the loss of his wife, whom, to

speaking truth, he had never had time to regret properly. Mr. Morton had ample matter for reflection in the altered looks of his early favourite; and the little attention Emily's increasing languor enabled her to bestow on any thing, was given to watching the hands move round the face of Beatrice's watch.

God of heaven! to think what every segment of that small space involves!—how much of human happiness and misery—of breath entering into our frail tenement of mortality, and making life—or departing from it, and making death—are in such brief portions of eternity! How much is there in one minute, when we reflect that that one minute extends over the world!

CHAPTER XVII.

“ How near I am now to a happiness
This earth exceeds not.....
Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men’s envy upon man ;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long.”

MIDDLETON.

THOUGH not, perhaps, taking such perfect poetry of expression, a similar train of thought passed across Edward’s mind on the morning that he galloped through the woods of the fair Spanish province where dwelt “ the ladye of his love.” Leontio, in the drama, was very much disappointed in his reception ; so was Lorraine. The last dark branches which intercepted his view gave way, and he saw a heap of blackened ruins. Scarcely aware of his own actions, he sprang from his horse. A single glance convinced him it could harbour no human

habitant. With the rapidity of his own thoughts, he flung himself on horseback again, and, urging the animal to its utmost speed, the blood was on the spur, and foam on the bit, when he drew bridle at Alvarez' cottage.

Minora was there alone ; and the instant she caught sight of the young Englishman, with all that tact by which a woman's feelings enable her to read those of others, she waited no question, but instantly exclaimed, " The Donna Beatrice is safe, but at Naples !"

Lorraine turned away his face for one moment, towards the fresh air of the door, before he answered her. Alvarez entered almost immediately, and minute and many were the questions and answers which filled up the next hour. His plan was soon formed : he would accept their hospitality for the coming night, and return the next day to Naples. During the latter part of the dialogue, Minora had been reducing to practice the theory of the French poet,

" Mais, après tout, il faut diner."

The little oaken table had been placed beneath the porch, which the vine was beginning to cover with its lithe and light tendrils, and its small glistening green leaves opening in that

short-lived and delicate perfume which exhales from the early blossoms of the grape. She had fried an omelet, fragrant with aromatic herbs; and her father filled a pitcher with claret, of the colour of the ruby, and the coolness of the pearl.

The sun set into one of those beautiful and purple evenings, which Langhorne has depicted as sweetly as poet well could —

“ Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy web of night and day,”—

when Edward bent his steps to take a last look at a place haunted by Beatrice's earliest years, and of which every record would, he rightly deemed, be so precious to her memory.

Time destroys not half so ruthlessly as man. The roof was entirely gone—only a rude skeleton of the house remained in the scorched and falling walls—a few traces of the black and white pavement were still left near one of the windows. It had been Beatrice's favourite seat, for the sake of a vine which had clustered luxuriantly round. Great part of the tree had been burnt—a few green shoots were now expanding, but they trailed upon the ground. A large oak had been entirely burnt; and this, with the destruction of some smaller trees, had

laid poor Donna Margareta's little garden open to view. There stood the stately ilex—all else was changed. The bees had deserted the hives, which were overgrown with thick creeping plants, that effectually excluded the air; the fountain was choked up with rubbish; and a few bright flowers mocked with their glad colours the desolation around.

Edward turned mournfully homewards: the scene of destruction pressed heavily upon his spirits; it was too nearly connected with what his Beatrice had suffered. He felt impatient to extend towards her that security and protection which it is man's to give to the woman he loves. The distance to Naples seemed immeasurable; and again and again did he lament that he had ever been persuaded to leave her. The next morning the dew lay like silver on the leaves, when he bade Alvarez and his daughter a kindly farewell.

Minora gained by the visit—a marriage-portion, which made her lover's father as polite to the heiress as he had been cold to the beauty. He had negatived the features which his son had most eloquently pleaded; but he had nothing to say against the pistoles.

Edward had just turned out of the village,

and was preparing to take the road to the left, when his further progress was intercepted by two cavaliers, one of whom politely requested he would go to the right. He was so civilly arrested, that at first he was unsuspecting of the fact. He then did what people usually do in such cases—complied with what he could not resist.

One of the officers was tall and silent—the other short and communicative, and most particularly polite in his mode of information. From him Lorraine learnt that he was arrested on a charge of treason; and his obliging companion finished with observing, “I hope they will not hang so handsome a cavalier as your Excellency. I would recommend letting you off with a few years’ solitary imprisonment. May I ask if the Senhor considers himself lucky? much depends on good fortune in such cases.”

With this encouraging remark, they stopped at the house of the Judge of the district. Edward, as soon as he entered, saw that his case was hopeless. The Judge was seated in a large arm-chair, by which stood a little black boy with a huge fan of white feathers: a flask and a silver goblet were on a table beside him,

both empty; and their proprietor was looking round with the bewildered air of one just awakened from sleep. The shorter officer approached, and made some statements in a whisper.

“There, there, you have spoken; and I have heard quite enough. Strange that people should use so many more words than their intelligence needs! Bring the prisoner!”

Edward advanced.

“Young man, what were you doing at Don Henriquez de los Zoridos’ yesterday evening?”

With a very safe conscience Lorraine could reply “Nothing.”

“Nothing! that’s no answer—refuses to reply. Who did you expect to meet there?”

“Nobody.”

“That’s no answer either! What brought you here?”

“The beauty of the country—I am travelling for amusement.”

“Ah, one of those wandering gentlemen who think every country better than their own—the very people for mischief. You saw Donna Beatrice when you were here before: where is she now?”

“I can scarcely be supposed to control that lady’s actions.”

“ I don't consider that any answer either. Where is Don Henriquez ? ”

“ I do not know. ”

“ Young gentleman, it is a maxim of mine always to say as little as possible, which saves a great deal of trouble. I have asked you all the necessary questions. Answer them to-day with your tongue, or to-morrow with your head. ”

“ Neither, if you please, ” said Lorraine, firmly. “ I am a British subject, and have in no way interfered with your government. I cannot reply to questions of which I am ignorant. I place myself under the protection of the British Ambassador, and appeal to the Governor of the province. ”

“ A great deal of unnecessary trouble. I take you at your word. I am sending despatches to our governor — you shall go too. I wish you a pleasant journey. ”

Again he said a few words to the shorter officer, and turned in his chair with the air of one prepared for a luxurious nap.

It was late in the afternoon when Lorraine arrived at the sea-port where the governor of the province resided. Don Manuel was exactly the poetical idea of a Spaniard: something like a portrait of Vandyke's — a clear olive

complexion ; large dark eyes, rather melancholy in their expression ; coal-black hair and mustaches ; a tall and noble figure ; and that stately courtesy, which seems to say, “ I owe it to myself to do no wrong.”

Lorraine immediately resolved on what indeed was his only plan of conduct. The sleepy yet shrewd Judge was the antipodes to confidence, but to Don Manuel he felt no hesitation in frankly stating his actions and their motives, from his first arrival in Spain to the present time. The Governor heard him with the most kindly attention.

“ Truly, as a Spaniard and a gentleman, I can only say that at your age I should have acted even as yourself. My official situation is here at variance with my feelings. I cannot be blind to the advantages your detention may give to the pursuit of Don Henriquez. If I set you at liberty, you are in a condition to materially forward his escape. I must not trust you at Naples. However, all you will have to endure is a temporary restraint : it shall not be a very severe one.”

For about a fortnight he remained prisoner on parole in the Governor's house. It would have been, under any other circumstances, a pleasant visit. One advantage was, that he

certainly derived from it much juster views on the state of Spain than he would ever have obtained from Don Henriquez. At length a vessel was to sail for England, and on board this the Governor informed him he was to embark.

“ I am sorry,” said Don Manuel, “ to place such delay between you and Naples ; but I consider it indispensable. My only consolation is, that no lady’s constancy is the worse for being tried.”

Edward thought he would as soon not have tried it. Nevertheless, for England he was forced to embark, and in England he arrived without incident or impediment.

We might sail round the world without an adventure now-a-days. Once in his native country, business obliged him to visit London ; and at his banker’s he found several letters from his brother, all full of regret, affection, and despondency. The contents of the last two were such as to induce him to depart forthwith for Etheringhame Castle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ Memories of boyhood ! how crowded and thronged are thy images — how pleasant, how painful ! What has become of the companions of our studies, our sports, of our rivalries and reconciliations, of our sudden quarrels and more steady friendships ? How remain the haunts of those early days ? by what footsteps, and with what feelings are they trodden ? The wood with its wild cherries — are the trees still there to tempt the adventurous climber ? * * * * * Who now lives in the moment, and dreams, if ever dream come, of futurity, as of a vision of glorious enterprise and assured reward ? ” — W. JERDAN.

IT was a broken but beautiful sky — one on which to look was to imagine. The eye could scarcely dwell on the mingling light and darkness, the infinite variety of shadows, that came down from heaven to cast their deeper semblance on earth, without conjuring up in the mind those analogies by which humanity loves to link itself with inanimate nature. There were those bright gleams which have so often been

likened unto hope — those depths which have been so happily compared to futurity — those changes to which the heart says, “Such are mine own.” The stars came out, few and scattered, and from the far parts of the sky. We hold not now the belief of old : we know that in their mystic characters nought of our destiny is written. Philosophy has taught a lowly lesson to our pride ; and no longer do we single out some bright and lovely planet, and ask of it our fate ; till, from asking, we almost hope that Night will send on her winds some answer, whose words are from the mystic scroll of our destiny.

Foolishness of mortality ! to deem that the glorious and the lofty star, which looked not on us who watch its beauty, should have been placed in that mighty firmament to shed its radiance on our birth, and chronicle in its bright page our sin, our suffering, and our sorrow ! — and when have not these three words told the story of our life ? And yet this linking that vain life to the lofty and the lovely, what is it but one of the many signs of the spirit within us — that which day crushes, but kills not — that spirit which looks into space with the eyes of longing, which spurns the course it

treads, and says to earth, "Thou art my dwelling, but not my home?"

Night is beautiful in itself, but still more beautiful in its associations: it is not linked, as day is, with our cares and our toils, the business and the littleness of life. The sunshine brings with it its action: we rise in the morning, and our task is before us; but night comes, and with it rest. If we leave sleep, and ask not of dreams forgetfulness, our waking is in solitude, and our employment is thought. Imagination has thrown her glory round the midnight—the orbs of heaven, the silence, the shadows, are steeped in poetry. Even in the heart of a crowded city, where the moonlight fell but upon pavement and roof, the heart would be softened, and the mind elevated, amid the loneliness of night's deepest and stillest hours;—in the country the effect is still more impressive. We accustom ourselves to look upon the country as more pure, more free, more happy, than the town; and it is from the wood and the field, the hill and the valley, that poetry takes that imagery which so imperceptibly mingles with all our excited moods.

The road, which wound rather round a hill

than up it, was high and steep. On one side was a thick hedge, which shut out all from the horseman's view; but the other was bounded by a paling. Beyond it lay the sweep of a park, whose green was touched as if with snow by the moonlight, which grew clearer and lighter every moment, as the thick clouds broke away. The silvery light, which at first only played on their ridges, gradually extended its dominion, like Persuasion to Pity, softening the dark heart of Anger. The black masses melted into soft, white clouds, which went floating over air as if they rejoiced in their change.

The park was dotted with trees, all single, and of an immense size; and the wind just stirred their leaves with a soft sound, like the falling of summer rain. There is something melancholy in most natural sounds—the murmur of the sea—the dropping of water—the many voices of the wind, from that which only scatters a rose, to that which levels mast and flag with the wave; but Nature has no sound more melancholy than that rainy tone among the leaves: you listen, and then look, as if the shower were descending; but your extended hand catches not the drops, and the

bough which is blown against your face leaves no trace of moisture behind.

We live in an age of fact, not fiction;— for every effect is assigned some simple and natural cause;— we dream no dreams of spiritual visitings; and omens are fast sinking into the disbelief of oracles: else what a mystical language is that of the leaves! No marvel that in the days of old, when Imagination walked the world as its own domain, every ancient trunk had

“ One fair spirit for its minister.”

The hamadryades have gone, like the golden fancies of which they were engendered— morning dreams of a young world scarce awake, but full of freshness and beauty. Yet often will the thought, or rather the fancy, come across me, that this wailing but most musical noise— heard in the dim evening, when every tree has a separate sound like a separate instrument, and every leaf a differing tone like the differing notes— is the piteous lament of some nymph pent within the gray and mossy trunk whence she may never more emerge in visible loveliness.

Edward— for he was the rider— now turned from the road, and entered the park by a small

gate, which, however, opened on no actual road; but he was familiar with every old tree and grassy knoll within that wide domain. Childhood, more than any other period, links its remembrance with inanimate objects, perhaps because its chief pleasures are derived from them. The hillock whose top was left with a flying step—the oak, to scale whose leafy fortress had in it something of that sense of danger and exertion in which even the earliest age delights—the broad sheet of water, whose smooth surface has been so often skimmed and broken by the round pebble, to whose impetus the young arm lent its utmost vigour—how deeply are these things graven upon the memory! The great reason why the pleasures of childhood are so much more felt in their satisfaction, is, that they suffice unto themselves. The race is run without an eye to a prize;—the oak is climbed without reference to aught that will reward the search;—the stone is flung upon the waters, but not in the hope that, ere many days, it will be found again. The simple exertion is its own exceeding great reward. Hope destroys pleasure;* and as life

* This remark having been questioned by one to whose judgment I exceedingly defer, may I be permitted not to

darkens around us, the eye is in perpetual weariness, and the heart in continual fever, with gazing beyond the present into its results.

Edward had now entered a grass avenue, over which the limes interlaced their yellow blossoms, pale in the moonlight, while their faint odour filled the air. How many kindly and affectionate thoughts thronged Lorraine's memory, as he rode slowly onwards! Shutting out the hot sun in summer, and the cold wind in winter, and lying apart from any of the more direct roads that crossed the park, this avenue had been a very favourite resort with himself and his brother. The hours that in other days had been here passed away!

retract, but to defend my assertion? Hope is like constancy, the country, or solitude — all of which owe their reputation to the pretty things that have been said about them. Hope is but the poetical name for that feverish restlessness which hurries over to-day for the sake of to-morrow. Who among us pauses upon the actual moment, to own, "Now, even now, am I happy?" The wisest of men has said, that hope deferred is sickness to the heart: yet what hope have we that is not deferred? For my part, I believe that there are two spirits who preside over this feeling, and that hope, like love, has its Eros and Anteros. Its Eros, that reposes on fancy, and creates rather than calculates; while its Anteros lives on expectation, and is dissatisfied with all that is, in vague longings for what may be.

How many discourses of Algernon's freshened on his memory!—discourses on which his rich but melancholy imagination wasted its strength. Then he recalled the affectionate interest with which Algernon ever entered into his plans—how he had encouraged him with prediction, and shared with him in hope. “And how little,” thought Edward, bitterly and sadly, “how little has sufficed to put discord and division between us! A weary and evil experience is that of life! But I ought to blame myself—I was unkind and impatient. We shall be the better friends for the future.” And he put spurs to his horse, in the eagerness of reconciliation.

He were no true lover who could ride the greensward by moonlight without thinking of her “the gentle lady of his heart;” and from thinking how affectionately Algernon would listen to the history of his love, and Beatrice's infinite perfections, he very naturally soon thought of those perfections only. However, he was roused from this reverie by suddenly entering the drive which led direct to the house. Here was sufficient indication that he was not the only visitor expected that night.

Lamp after lamp flashed through the thick

branches of the old chestnut avenue, as the various carriages drove rapidly through the park.

“ I can scarcely imagine ‘ a gay scene,’ as the Morning Post would call it, at the old castle. ‘ Oh Change, thy name is Woman !’ Nothing but a ball could have called forth such roses and ringlets as I have seen glancing through every window,” said Edward Lorraine.

“ A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung ;”

or, in less picturesque language, he beckoned to his groom, and asked him whether he had heard of any *fête* at the inn.

“ My lady gives a fancy ball to-night,” replied the man ; and in immediate confirmation, a carriage rolled past somewhat heavily ; for it was large and loaded, and through its windows were seen a turban, a straw hat, and a glare of mingled colours, which shewed the wearers had been left to their own devices.

“ I shall make my way to Algernon’s study. It will be quiet there, at all events ; and I can easily let him know of my arrival.”

So saying, or rather thinking, he followed the winding path which led through the little

shrubbery, every branch of which was loaded with blossom. The pink May shook its fairy favours over him, the lilac covered him with a sweet and starry shower, and the red-rose leaves fell to the ground like rain as he passed. The sounds of music came upon the wind—first a soft indistinct murmur, then the notes more distinct, and Edward recognised a favourite waltz, though as yet the branches closing thickly overhead prevented his seeing the castle. Many sweet instruments were blended in that gay Italian air—and yet at this moment it displeased the listener. The windows gleamed with light through the boughs—a small open space gave to view the left wing of the building—he could distinctly see the long range of illuminated apartments, figures moving to and fro, and the richly coloured fall of the draperies.

The path widened, and Edward hastily crossed the lawn to the room which he sought. There was light within, but the shutters were closed. “I must enter by the passage door.” This had been left unfastened, and in another moment Edward was in the study—but it had been fitted up as a supper-room. That “haunted chamber,” vowed to the sad recollections of the loved and the departed—made sacred by the

tenderest memories of sorrow and remorse — a temple of the imagination — thus to be desecrated by the very coarsest part of festivity — the solemn turned to the ludicrous! There the last and loveliest likeness of the passionate and the beautiful — the dead Francisca — hung directly above white soup and white wine, blanc-mange and jelly. Truly, sorrow hath no more substance than a sandwich. How curious it is, too, that the regrets which spring from sentiment grow absurd when the least out of keeping with circumstance! Affections are as passing as the worthless life they redeem; and the attempt to give them memory, when their existence is no more, has often more of laughter in it than of tears.

Edward remembered all the melancholy associations which had so long been connected with the room. Well, there were now the supperspreads spread; and all the advantage of his quiet entrance was, that he was at first taken for a thief, attracted by the charms of silver forks and spoons. Most of the servants were new, and this slight circumstance was a vexation. In an old house we look for old servants. Edward thought the change must have been a bitter as well as a sudden one, that had thus

dismissed service made grateful by long habit. However, one or two knew him personally; and with some difficulty he had a message sent to his brother — an unsuccessful one though, for the Earl was not to be found. “I dare-say,” said a domestic carelessly, as if the subject were of very inferior interest to some sweet-meats which were being arranged, — “I dare-say he is in the green room in the south turret; my lord is so odd, he would sooner sit poking by himself than”——

What species of enjoyment was to form the comparison, Edward did not wait to hear; for, hastily taking up a lamp, he hurried towards the south turret. He knew it well: as a boy, it had been considered as his own domain. Perhaps something of affectionate recollection might have instigated Algernon’s choice; but Edward only thought of one passage in the last letter: “Daily I give up points very dear to me, because the pain of insisting is greater than the pain of refusing; and I speak now of mere bodily weakness.”

To reach the turret, it was necessary to cross a gallery filled with musicians and servants, looking eagerly down on the festivity below. It commanded a view of the whole hall; and

Edward for a moment leant over the balustrade. At first all was a bright and gay confusion—colours only seemed to strike the eye—gradually the figures stood out distinctly, and Lorraine could distinguish every face except the one which he especially wanted. Yet his eye involuntarily lingered on the scene; for he had caught sight of the Countess, who was standing in the centre of a little group, whose looks told their language was flattery; and she herself wore that bright excited air which the words of the flatterer, even more than those of the lover, can call up in woman's face. Every act a coquetry, every look a captivation, she just realised one of the brilliant beauties of La Fronde, a Duchesse de Longueville, for whose sake Rochefoucauld made love, war, and epigrams, and to whom he addressed his celebrated lines,

“ Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurois faite aux dieux.”

She wore a dress of azure blue velvet, with a deep border of gold; her luxuriant hair was put back from her brow in a style which no face but the most perfect could have borne, and was then gathered in a form like that of

an ancient helmet, every plait glittering with diamonds: it was peculiar, but it suited her. "What," thought Edward, "the poet says in praise of one beauty, I say in dispraise of another:

' Her eyes, like suns, the rash beholder strike,
But, like the sun, they shine on all alike.'

This is very well for indifference, but very bad for vanity. I trust (and the lover smiled in scornfulness at the very idea) my Beatrice will be more exclusive of her smile." And with this wish, which with him took the shape of conviction, Edward turned into the gallery which led to the turret.

It was a narrow, gloomy passage, hung with very old tapestry. How strange did the fantastic and discoloured shapes appear by the dim light of the single lamp! At first the sounds of music seemed like a connexion with the gay and the bright left behind—soon the tones became confused—and before Edward had threaded two-thirds of the many turnings, the music was quite inaudible.

One large room only remained to cross: it had in former days been a picture gallery, but now, being apart from the other suite of apart-

ments, it was never used. The furniture was old and faded, and a few worthless paintings mouldered on the walls. Among them was one which, in Edward's estimation, deserved a better place. It was the portrait of himself and his brother, taken years ago, when Algernon was a fine handsome boy, of about thirteen years of age, and Edward not quite three. The younger, a frank, bold, bright-eyed child, was mounted on a large Newfoundland dog, whose impatience the elder brother was trying to soothe. This was another proof how little Algernon's affections or recollections were considered by the Countess Adelaide.

Lorraine was now at the foot of the winding staircase which led to the turret, and he could not but recall his brother's luxurious habits, as he ascended the steep and narrow steps. At last he entered the chamber, and his first look was caught by its comfortless and unfurnished aspect. There was a little table, on which stood a common inkstand, some scattered papers, and a candle which had burnt down in the socket; but the room was illumined by the moonlight, which streamed in from the uncurtained window. Lord Etheringhame was seated with his back to the door, so that his visitor entered

unobserved. "My dear Algernon, how comes it that I find you here, and alone?" There was no answer. With a vague feeling of alarm, rather than positive fear, Edward sprang to his brother. The lamp fell full upon his face — there was no mistaking its awful likeness. The features were drawn frightfully aside, and the open eyes looked out with that stony stare which says light has forsaken them for ever. Edward caught his hands, but they were death-cold. Algernon had been dead some hours. "God of heaven! my brother dead — and our parting was in anger!"

CHAPTER XIX.

“ And impulses of deeper thought
Have come to me in solitude.”

WORDSWORTH.

“ This cell hath taught me many a hidden thing :
I have become acquainted with my soul
Through midnight silence, and through lonely days
Silent as midnight. I have found therein
A well of waters, undisturbed and deep,
Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose.”

“ Supported by the very power of sorrow,
And Faith that comes a solemn comforter,
Even hand in hand with death.”

WILSON.

“ DEAREST LADY MANDEVILLE,

“ IF you have not already forgotten my wilful, wayward, and ungrateful conduct, I am persuaded it will be forgiven when I tell you, that I have suffered much both in mind and in body, and am now at home—but ill, very ill, and pining to see you, my kind, my almost only friend. The fatigue of writing is great, and I will enter into

no details; but only tell you, that I have escaped from my convent, in company with, and by the assistance of, Beatrice de los Zoridos. She is with me now in England. Every event that has taken place you can learn from others — my feelings only from myself; and if I speak boldly on a subject which even now brings the blood to my cheek, it is because you, and you only, know my secret, and because I would implore you to keep silence as sacredly as you would a trust from the dead—it will soon be one. The melancholy wind is sweeping through the old trees of our garden — I could fancy it filled with spirit tones, which call me away. This is very fanciful; but what has my whole life been but a vain false fancy? I tremble to recall the past — the gifts I have misused—the good things that have found me thankless—the obstinate will that has rejected content, unless that content were after its own fashion.

“Death sends Truth before as its messenger. In the loneliness of my sleepless midnight — in the feverish restlessness of days which lacked strength for pleasant and useful employment—how have I been forced on self-examination! and how have my own thoughts witnessed against me! Life—the sacred and the beautiful—how

utterly have I wasted ! for how much discontent and ingratitude am I responsible ! I have been self-indulged from my childhood upwards — I have fretted with imaginary sorrows, and desired imaginary happiness : and when my heart beat with the feelings of womanhood, it set up a divinity, and its worship was idolatrous !

“ Sinful it was to love as I loved Edward Lorraine ; and truly it has had its reward. I loved him selfishly, engrossingly, to the exclusion of the hopes of Heaven, and the affections of earth. I knelt with the semblance of prayer, but an earthly image was the idol : I prayed but for him. I cared for no amusement — I grew disgusted with all occupation — I loved none else around me. I slept, and he was in my dreams — I awoke, and he was my very first thought. Too soon, and yet too late, I learnt to what a frail and foolish vision I had yielded. A storm of terrible passions swept over me. I loathed, I hated my nearest friends. My shame amounted to madness : fear alone kept me from suicide. I repulsed the love that was yet mine — I disdained the many blessings that my lot still possessed — I forgot my religion, and outraged my God, by kneeling at a shrine which was not

sacred to me, and taking vows in a faith I held to be false.

“ A brain-fever kept me to my bed for some weeks : I hope and pray that its influence was upon me before. My hand trembles so that I can scarcely write.

“ Beatrice came to the convent ; our intercourse was permitted ; and she was kind, gentle, affectionate, to me, as if she had been my sister. I cannot tell you how loving her softened my heart. At length I heard her history. She told me of trials and hardships that put my complainings to shame ; and then I learnt that she was the beloved and betrothed of Edward Lorraine. I looked in her beautiful face, and then, strange as it may seem to say, hope, for the first time, wholly abandoned me. My love had been so dreaming, that my imagination, even in the convent, was always shaping out some improbable reunion.

“ I was ill again. Beatrice watched me, soothed me, read to me from the little English Bible which she said had ever been, in her trying and lonely life, a friend and a support. Alas ! my heart died within me to think what account I should render of the talent committed to my charge. I felt utterly lost and cast

away. I prayed as one without hope — one who feels her sin is too great to be forgiven. But God tempers justice with mercy — a new life rose up within me. I said, even at the eleventh hour there is hope: I said, surely the Saviour of the world is mine also. I thought upon the grave to which I was hastening, and it seemed to me peaceful as the bed of a child—‘There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.’ I repented me of my worldly delusions, and strove to fix my thoughts above. Had I earlier made religion the guide of my way, I might even now be fulfilling the duties I have neglected, and looking forward in patience and faith. But it is too late; the last of my house, I am perishing as a leaf to which spring has denied her life. I have longed to die at home — to hear once more the words of prayer in my native tongue — and wonderfully has my wish been granted, when expectation there was none! I shall sleep in the green churchyard where I first learnt that death was in this world; — the soil will be familiar, and the air that of my home.

“ I am one-and-twenty to-morrow. Would, O God! that my years had been so spent as to

have been a worthier offering! But thy fear is the beginning of wisdom; and in that fear is my trust, that a broken and a contrite spirit thou wilt not despise.

“Will you not, my dear and kind friend, come and see me? I shall be so happy, if I can once tell you, that, though the orphan for a moment forgot your kindness, its memory was not effaced. I have thought of you, and prayed for you. You will come, dear Lady Mandeville. I want you to know Beatrice. You will love her, and your kindness may benefit her. She will be more grateful than I have been. Will you not come to-morrow?”

“Your affectionate

“EMILY ARUNDEL.”

It was a curious coincidence, that this letter was put into Lady Mandeville's hand while she was making some arrangements for their Italian journey, and was in momentary expectation of her husband's arrival. How often did the tears fill her eyes as she read its contents! “Poor dear Emily! — but she cannot, must not, be so ill as she fancies. ‘Will you not come to-morrow?’ Does she think I could hesitate?”

Hastily turning from the untasted breakfast,

she rang for the carriage: "Let them be as quick as possible." Never had she been so impatient: three times was the bell rung to know if it were ready. Luckily, she recollected that she must leave some reason for her absence, as Lord Mandeville was expected every moment. She scarcely liked to trust a message with the servants—a note would be more satisfactory. So down she sat, and wrote:—

"DEAR HENRY,

"I am sure you will rejoice to learn that Emily is even now at Arundel House. I know nothing of the whys and wherefores: but she is so anxious to see me, that I have gone thither at once. Do you follow me.

"Yours,

"ELLEN."

Rejoicing at Emily's arrival—a very natural curiosity to hear how it had happened—an anxiety she was unwilling to allow even to herself about her health, occupied Lady Mandeville fully during her drive. The bright sun, the sweet free air, brought their own joyousness with them; all nature seemed too glad for sorrow. Lady Mandeville took the sunshine

for an omen ; and she sprang from the carriage with a step to which her hopes gave their own lightness, and in a moment more was in the room where Beatrice was watching her young companion.

The feverish flush with which the pleasure of seeing Lady Mandeville had crimsoned Emily's face, soon passed, and she sank back exhausted ; while the slight attention she could bestow was again rivetted on the little watch. Lady Mandeville's eyes kept filling with tears as she gazed upon her : she was altered beyond any thing she had even feared. Her position, too, gave the full effect of contrast. She was seated in a low old-fashioned arm-chair, directly below a portrait of herself, that had been taken just before her first visit to London. It had been painted after a fancy of her uncle's ; and she was seated in the same old arm-chair, and nearly in the same attitude as now : but there the likeness ended. In the picture, health coloured the loveliness of youth :

The laughing mouth

Was like a red rose opening to the south.

A volume of fairy tales had fallen from her hand ; but her head was evidently still filled

with their fanciful creations, for the bright eyes were raised as if following in the air some rainbow-touched creation of their own. A profusion of glossy curls, auburn dashed with gold, seemed dancing over her face and neck; and whosoever had looked on that countenance, and sought to read in it an augury of its future, would have said, in the beautiful words of Scripture, "thy ways shall be ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths peace."

Beneath sat the original, her pale lips apart, as if to draw the heavy breath were a task of weariness. The outline of the features had utterly lost its roundness, and would have been harsh but for its exceeding delicacy. The dull white of the skin was only relieved by the blue veins, which, singularly azure and transparent, seemed unnaturally conspicuous. The eyes were strangely large and bright, and much lighter than those in the picture.

But what struck Lady Mandeville the most, was the extreme youthfulness of Emily's appearance: she looked only like a sick child. With the restlessness so common to invalids, which fancies that any change must be relief, she had pushed away her cap, till, in the many alterations of position, it had entirely fallen

back, and shewed her head, from which the ringlets had all been so lately shorn: the hair had, however, grown rapidly, and it lay in the short, thick, waving curls of early childhood.

With the hope of relieving her oppression, the windows had all been thrown up. As if a sudden thought struck her, Emily rose, and, with Beatrice's aid, walked to the one which opened by some garden steps. "So much for auguries," said Emily, pointing to a young geranium, which was growing in vigour below. "The day before I left home, I planted that slip, and, in idea, linked my futurity with the slight shrub, saying, If it flourishes, so shall I—if it dies, I shall die too. See how luxuriantly it blooms!"

Neither of her friends spoke: the words of encouragement, of its being a good omen, died on Lady Mandeville's lips; and Beatrice led her back to the chair, finding no voice to urge the quiet she recommended by signs.

"It is twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Emily; and at the same moment the church-clock struck. The wind, which was setting towards the house, brought the hours slowly and distinctly. She counted them as they struck; and then, breathless with mingled weakness and

eagerness, unfolded the scroll she had written the night before. "I see your father and Mr. Morton in the garden; just call them in, Beatrice. I am of age now — I want them to witness my signature."

They came in, and, almost without assistance, Emily wrote her name: the fine clear characters were singularly steady. "It is needless for you to read this paper. I believe all that is necessary is for you to witness my signature." The two gentlemen subscribed it, and Emily took and refolded the paper; but her hand now trembled violently. "I consign it to your care, Mr. Morton," said she, in a voice almost inaudible.

As she was giving the packet, suddenly her whole frame seemed convulsed with violent agitation. A bright crimson flooded her face and neck, nay even her hand, from which, as she eagerly extended it, the scroll fell on the table. "My God! it is his step!" The door opened, and in came Lord Mandeville and Edward Lorraine. The latter caught sight of Beatrice; and, with an exclamation of wonder, advanced towards her. Emily made an effort to rise, but reeled, and fell with her head on Beatrice's shoulder. The unconscious Edward hastily

supported her. She raised herself for a moment—gave one eager look towards him—a frightful convulsion passed over her features; it was very transitory—for before Beatrice, who sprang from her side to reach some essence from the table, had returned with it, her face was set in the fixed calm and the pale hues of death.

THE LAST CHAPTER.

“ O, Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE winding-up of a novel is like winding up a skain of silk, or casting up a sum — all the ends must be made neat, all the numbers accounted for, at last. Luckily, in the closing chapter a little explanation goes a great way ; and a character, like a rule of morality, may be dismissed in a sentence.

Cecil Spenser married his cousin, Helen Morland : it was very satisfactory to find somebody who looked up to him entirely. He repaired the beautiful old abbey, which his father had allowed to go to ruin—built a library and a picture-gallery—threw open his preserves—refused to stand for the county—and if not happy, believed he was, and in such a case belief is as good as reality. He practised what Lord Mandeville theorised, who, in despite of his con-

victions of the excellence and happiness of those who are

“ Home dwellers on their father’s land,”

accepted a foreign embassy to one of the most brilliant of the European courts, but where Lady Mandeville was the most brilliant and the most beautiful.

There is a very acute remark of Crowe’s, which says, “ the English rather desire to extract a moral than a truth from experience.” I must own they do dearly delight in a judgment; and sorry am I that I cannot gratify this laudable propensity by specifying some peculiar evil incurred by Mr. Delawarr’s ambition, or Lady Etheringhame’s vanity.

Adelaide neither lost her life by eating ice when warm with dancing, nor her features by the small-pox, the usual destiny of vain creatures in the days of moral essays: she went on, like Lady Macbeth,

“ For I can smile, and murder while I smile,”

till the rose and the ringlet became alike artificial; and she was left to that “ winter of discontent,” which shared its reproaches between the maid who could no longer make,

and the mirror that could no longer reflect, a beauty.

Mr. Delawarr's life was spent in debates and dinners. Once, for a few weeks, he was in the opposition—caught cold, and decided that such a position was equally bad for his own and his country's constitution—resumed, and never after resigned his post under government. He died the first and last Earl of Delawarr.

Mrs. Francis Boyne Sillery played cards to an interminable old age; and her youthful husband died, five years after their marriage, of the jaundice. There were some *on dits* afloat respecting a third marriage with a "certain young writer," whose hymns had converted every old lady in Bath; but it never took place.

The respectable family of the Higgs's got on amazingly well in the world: the sons, as their mother was wont exultingly to state, were quite gentlemen, and spent a power of money on their clothes. The Countess, as in their own circle she was invariably called, used always to choose for her favourite topics the uncertainty of worldly distinctions—the horrors of a revolution—and the melancholy situation of a nobleman in a foreign land, where he was forced

to abandon his natural sphere, and had only his own consciousness of high birth to sustain him. Signor Giulio rose marvellously in Mr. Higgs's esteem; for, to his wife's dismay and his father-in-law's delight, he set up a manufactory of macaroni, which answered so well, that Mr. Higgs used to rub his hands with great glee, and be very grateful to Providence, who had made even a foreigner turn out so well; taking, however, to himself a due share of credit for the benefit his advice had been, as well as for the credit obtained by an alliance with such a 'sponsible family as that of the Higgs's. "I never gave him no credit for nothing because of his mustachers — but, Lord! he knows a good ha'penny from a bad 'un as well as me."

We regret to state that Miss Carry went on to forty-five, falling, and being crossed in love. By the by, as she never got married, a fine moral lesson might be drawn from her fate, touching the inexpediency of too many attachments. At last she took to a blonde cap with roses, and a flaxen wig; became suddenly faithful to her first love, or rather to his memory; and retired with her blighted affections into the country — that is to say, she took a small cottage at Islington; a sickly-looking passion-

flower was trained over the front; a weeping-willow, whose leaves were like "angel visits" in one respect at least, for "they were few and far between," grew by the pump; and over the parlour mantel-piece was hung the profile of the long-forgotten but now ever-to-be-remembered Benjamin Stubbs. And there dwelt Miss Carry Constantia Higgs, with her sorrows, her canary, and her cat.

Mrs. Smithson's laurel and olive branches multiplied equally; to her last child she stood godmother, having gone the round of her friends with that honour, till none were left for the youngest. Her last work she published on her own account, not being able to find a bookseller; and still the pleasure of her life consists in collecting round her a little genteel and literary society.

A change came o'er the spirit of Don Henriquez' dream; from political he turned scientific; and his superabundant activity found ample employment in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics. His pursuit soon became a mania; and one fine morning he set off for the pyramids. From them he duly despatched an account of his discoveries to the various learned bodies that have a council and a char-

ter throughout Europe. There was one agreeable piece of self-deception attending it—he called the splendid allowance which Beatrice was made the medium of offering him, a fine proof of the Hon. Mr. Lorraine's devotion to the interests of science. It is an excellent plan to generalise individual gratitude—it makes an obligation sit so very lightly.

Beatrice was still as much an orphan as amid the lonely woods of Andalusia; but now she needed not the care nor the support of her kindred. One heart kept over her the deep and eternal watch of love; and perhaps her own attachment to her husband was more passionate and entire, that earth held not another tie to claim one thought. The world said that the beautiful Spaniard was cold as she was beautiful—too reserved and too proud for attraction. True it was that early habits of silence and reserve, and the timidity born of long solitude, together with a high and ideal creed of the sacredness of affection, made Beatrice shrink away from the many, to concentrate her whole existence upon the one. Edward could scarcely love her the less, because for him only her eye brightened, and her cheek flushed into crimson—that for him only her smile softened into

tenderness, or her words grew eloquent with feeling and thought.

Lorraine's future destiny was a stirring and a brilliant one. Lord Byron says, what does a great man purchase by the devotion of his whole life but

“ A name, a wretched picture, a worse bust ? ”

Still, it is something to have a name “ familiar as a household word ”—a picture, the worst print from which is popular—and also an exceedingly handsome bust : all these were in Edward Lorraine's futurity.

When Miss Arundel's will was opened—that paper which it was her last earthly act to sign—it was found, that, after having amply provided for all the old dependants of her house, and bequeathed a few legacies—slight marks of affection to friends, not one of whom was forgotten—Beatrice de los Zoridos was constituted sole heiress. One request was subjoined—that Arundel Hall should be pulled down. “ I could not endure that another race should dwell in the house of my fathers. ” Of course the injunction was fulfilled. The wheat now springs up over the dwelling-place of the ancient house of the Arundels.

In the picture-gallery at Etheringham Castle hangs a portrait, which bears not the name, and claims no affinity with the noble race around ; yet the spectator often pauses before it, to ask who is that glad and girlish-looking beauty ? and the answer is, “ An early and beloved friend of the Countess’s, who died young.” There is also one other memorial of the departed—a small marble tablet in the village church, near what was once Arundel Hall, hangs amid the scutcheons of her house : it bears a brief inscription :

EMILY ARUNDEL,

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF HER FAMILY,

AGED 21.

THE END.

LONDON :

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